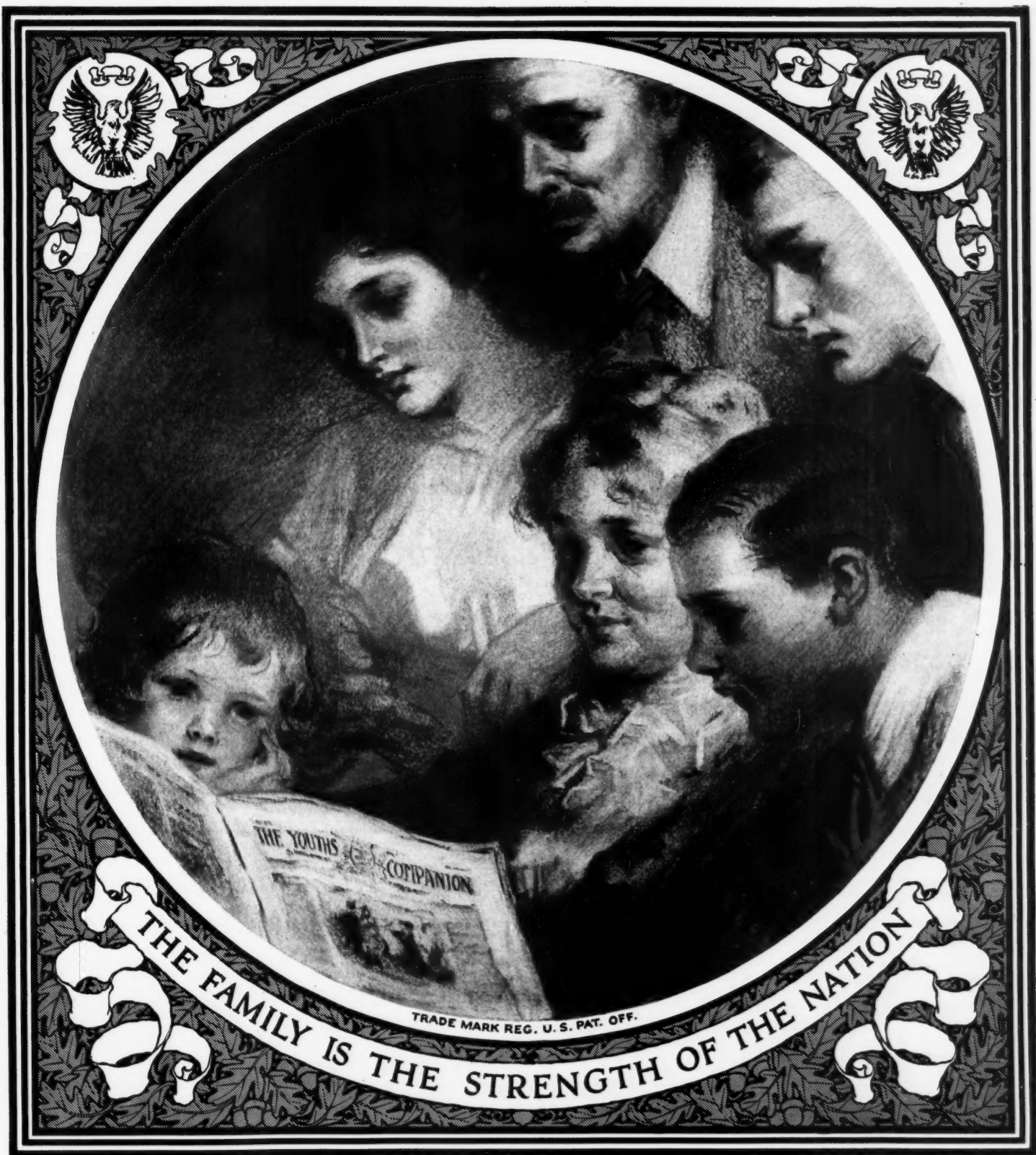


THE YOUTH'S COMPANION



FOR THREE GENERATIONS THIS MAGAZINE HAS HAD ITS PLACE AT THE AMERICAN FIRESIDE . . IT WAS ESTABLISHED ON THE HEARTHSTONE AND BY KEEPING HAND IN HAND WITH THE WIDENING INTERESTS AND ASPIRATIONS OF THE FAMILY FROM YOUTH UP HAS HELPED TO MAKE THAT HEARTHSTONE AN ALTAR

ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER 1924
DESCRIBING NOTABLE STORIES AND ARTICLES FOR 1925

NOVEMBER 6, 1924



THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is an illustrated weekly paper for all the family. Issued weekly by the Perry Mason Company, The Youth's Companion, Publication Office, Rumford Building, Ferry Street, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and business offices, 961 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass. Subscription price is \$2.50 a year, in advance, including postage prepaid to any address in the United States and Canada, and \$3.00 to foreign countries. Entered as second-class matter, Nov. 1, 1923, at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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 Boston, Mass.

A BLACK EYE

A MAN who is the unhappy possessor of a black eye is likely to be ashamed of it and ardently to wish for some means either of disguising or of speedily curing it. But nine times out of ten a black eye is nothing to be ashamed of. In most cases it is acquired innocently enough by bumping against a door in the dark or as the result of any one of a dozen other accidents; and even if it does come from contact with the fist of another, to fight may be the only course when the cause is just. In that case a black eye is an honorable wound.

We say "wound," for a black eye is a contused wound, a bruise of the tissues beneath the skin with rupture of the blood vessels and the consequent escape of blood. This discoloration may, however, be the result of leakage of blood from other causes than a blow; severe straining or coughing may cause such an effusion, especially into the eyelids or under the conjunctiva on the ball of the eye; discoloration may even occur spontaneously as a symptom of scurvy or of purpura or in a case of arteriosclerosis. In fact there is no difference except of position between a black eye and the effusion of blood beneath the skin in any part of the body.

The danger to health or life of a black eye or other bruise is virtually negligible so long as the skin is unbroken, and treatment is called for only to prevent discoloration or to cause the blood to absorb as rapidly as possible. Pressure is the first thing a physician or a first-aid graduate thinks of to restrain bleeding, whether it is external or subcutaneous. But pressure is not feasible in the case of a blow near the eye, and so resort must be had to hot or cold applications, either of which will be more or less effective if applied promptly. If hot applications are preferred, they should be kept on too long, since they would then cause the tissues to relax and thus increase the bleeding. Ice-cold applications are usually more convenient and efficient; they should be renewed frequently and not be allowed to become cool or lukewarm. They will not be of much use after the effusion of blood has occurred; that is, three or four hours after the accident. When as much time as that has elapsed and all danger of further bleeding is past absorption of the blood may be hastened by warm or hot applications made intermittently, say for an hour at a time three or four times a day.

DIANA BUYS A HAT

"YOU haven't said anything about my new hat," Eve declared. "I was a goose to wear it!"

"You were not a goose!" Diana retorted. "I'd have seen it sooner or later. But you know that I think that your eyebrows are too lovely to hide."

Eve glanced in the glass; there was a shadow of discontent on her pretty face. "You look like such a freak if you don't wear things the way everybody else does. And besides, you can't get anything else!"

"It isn't the hat I object to," said Diana; "it's the angle. As for getting anything else, I had just decided before you came in that I would go on a real adventure tomorrow. It will be a search for an honest woman. You see I know that it is horribly unbecoming to wear my hats on the bridge of my nose. I'm going to see if I can find one woman who will have the courage to tell me so. Do come along!"

At ten o'clock the next day Eve, with the look of one fascinated against her will, stepped into Diana's coupé.

Diana shot a teasing glance at her as she pressed the starter. "Sure you don't want to back out?"

"Certainly not!" Eve replied. They went to Camille's first. A wonderful young woman swept forward to meet them. "Certainly she had the exact thing for mademoiselle—so simple yet so chic! She pressed the

marvel slowly down over Diana's lovely hair, forehead, one eye—

"Help!" Diana gasped. "I have to leave my nose out—to breathe with, you know."

The young woman was shocked. "But, mademoiselle, the style—"

"Why should I suffer because other people are willing to?" inquired Diana. "Haven't you anything that stops a trifle above the eyebrows?"

The young woman stiffened. "But certainly not," she replied.

Diana rose cheerfully. "Sorry," she said. "I'll come back when the fashion changes."

Eve was triumphant. "What did I tell you!" she cried.

But Diana only laughed.

Two hours later in Morrow's she glanced round and chose her saleswoman, a girl with steady pleasant eyes. At first the procedure was the same, but at the third trial Diana looked up.

"I want to ask you to do something. Will you please show me where, with due consideration of my eyes and nose and mouth, I ought to wear my hat? Do you dare?"

The girl's eyes brightened. She placed a hat quickly above Diana's clear straight brows. "For you—there," she replied firmly. "But you are the first customer who ever asked me."

Diana turned to Eve. "There's your honest woman," she said.

FOURTEEN-OUNCE BEAR CUBS

OF all the wild animal babies at the New York Zoological Park none are quite so popular as the little bear cubs when they emerge from their den in the first warm days of spring during the latter part of March or the first of April. Dr. W. R. Blair, the family doctor of the zoo, writing in the Mentor, has this to say of a little-known fact of animal physiology:

The bear cub at birth is a helpless little creature no more than eight or nine inches long from the tip of its nose to the end of its much abbreviated tail, and it weighs only about fourteen ounces. Its body is covered with short gray hair of exceedingly soft texture; its ears and eyes are tightly closed. Keeping in mind that an adult of the species weighs from four hundred and fifty to five hundred pounds, we can readily see how ridiculously small a bear cub is. With the possible exception of the kangaroo or some other marsupial its size is much less in proportion to its adult bulk than that of any other mammal. The cub represents about one five hundredths of its mother's weight. A fawn represents about one thirtieth; a young puppy, one-twenty-fifth; a human baby, one twentieth.

But in the tiny bear cubs we see a wise plan of Nature. The cubs are born during the winter, usually in January, while the mother bear is dened up and hibernating, and the little ones are suckled for about three months before they make their appearance outside the cramped quarters of the den.

EASY, BUT THE ANSWER WAS WRONG

A PROMINENT lawyer of Tennessee told the following little story in a recent address to the graduates of a grammar school. He said that his son, a high-school graduate of that season, came home one day and asked him if he were a good mathematician.

"Yes, my boy, I think I'm pretty good," the father replied.

"Well, then, I have a problem I'd like to have you work. There were three frogs sitting on a log—a bullfrog, a tree frog and a toad frog. The bullfrog decided to jump off. How many frogs were left?"

The father smiled. "Why, that's easy. Two frogs were left."

"And that's where you are wrong!" exclaimed the boy, grinning. "Three frogs were left. The bullfrog only decided to jump off. He didn't jump."

Then the lawyer impressed upon his audience that a person who would win success must act promptly to act on his decisions.

THE NEW LANGUAGE

THE younger set are ignorant of some things their elders learned long ago, but their heads are full of much knowledge that their elders can only marvel at. This anecdote from the Washington Star illustrates the point:

"I told my son that he was not giving enough attention to the classics," remarked the conscientious father. "I reproached him for not knowing the difference between the Iliad and the Odyssey."

"Was he properly apologetic?"

"Not at all. He merely said that no one could know everything and asked me whether I knew the difference between crystal receptivity and a neutrodyne."

SHARP EYES AND KEEN EARS

TWO men were telling about their remarkable power of sight and hearing. "Do you see that house over there on the horizon?" said one.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Can you see that fly walking around on the roof?"

"No, but I can hear the shingles crack when he steps on them," replied the second.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM CHUBBY CHUCKSTONE

*Mr. Thomas Mc Krath
 Horse Creek, Wyo.*

Dear Tom,

Well, it's raining today and to keep busy I'll answer your last letter. I joined the Y. M. C. A. It cost \$6 and we have three junior basketball teams. Our coach says I'll make the first team because I'm quick and surefooted.

They are awful strict about the gym floor. You have to wear rubber shoes. Nearly all the fellows wear "Non-Skids" or "All-Stars" because the coach says that they are the best basketball shoes made. They are both the same except "Non-Skids" have white uppers, and "All-Stars" have brown uppers.



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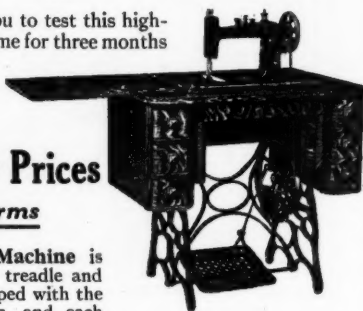
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$2.50 TEN CENTS A COPY

DUST

DRAWN BY
RODNEY THOMSON

By
**Frank
Robertson**

IN the late seventies I was living with my parents in a small settlement a few miles south of Snake River in the Territory of Idaho. Except for the house of a man by the name of Knowles, who had occupied a sort of oasis round a spring that seeped up from the desert some seven miles west of us, no one lived within many miles of the neighborhood. Our place included the marshy meadows of a creek that meandered down from the mountains twenty miles away. Grass grew so luxuriantly that we could cut not only all the hay we needed to feed our cattle through the short winters but enough also to supply the numerous wagon trains that still carved even deeper the ruts in the old Oregon Trail. Except for the range of mountains the country was an unbroken expanse of sage and lava-covered desert through which the great Snake river boomed and twisted in its lava-walled gorge on its tortuous way to the Pacific.

During the hot, dry summer months the thin, arid soil of the desert blistered under the sun and became so powdery that the merest breeze was enough to raise great choking clouds of dust that sometimes hung in the air for hours. A passing horseman would leave behind him a streamer of dust that marked his path long after he had passed.

Staying at our place was a young fellow named Jack Huntley who had recently been discharged from the military post at old Fort Hall. He had left the post with an emigrant train bound for Oregon; his worldly goods consisted of a saddle and a little mouse-colored pony that he called Dusty—a rollicking little fellow that could run twenty miles as easily as he could run one, and that had never been beaten in a race. As it happened, Dusty had picked up a stone and become lame, and Huntley had asked to stay at our place until the horse should recover. With true Western hospitality my father had taken him in. Though Huntley helped to irrigate and build fences to pay for his board and pasture for his horse, his chief delight was to lie in the shade of the buildings and regale us younger boys with tales of the thrilling adventures that had come to him while serving with the cavalry—adventures that older heads thought could hardly have happened to a boy scarcely out of his teens. But I am quite sure that he lived them in all their glowing details. Needless to say, Jack Huntley, with his somewhat wide face and insolent blue eyes and his stocky, powerful build, was an object of adoration to all the boys in the settlement.

One morning early in June news reached us that two hundred Bannock warriors under Chief Buffalo Horn had taken the warpath and were coming in our direction. The rumor was that they had split into

small bands and were raiding isolated ranches, murdering and burning as they went.

Immediately everyone became busy. All the people and all the stock were gathered at my father's place because it could be defended better than any of the others. There seemed little danger that the Indians would attack a place so well prepared. Then some one happened to remember Knowles and his family, who were still unwarned. The Indians might appear at any moment, and it was seven miles to Knowles's ranch. It would take some time for him to get his family ready to move, and, worse still, the road was no more than a rut in the dust that had cut through to the underlying lava—a hard road over which to travel with a wagon.

Jack Huntley volunteered to warn Knowles. Dusty was well over his lameness and eager to travel. "Don't shoot me if you see me comin' back showin' a bunch of Injuns the way in here," he shouted with a laugh as he galloped away.

Owing to the rough, uneven nature of the country and the high-flung reefs and ledges of lava it was impossible to see objects any considerable distance away, but Jack knew that the hot, dry dust would betray the presence of any raiding party within a radius of several miles. The little horse needed no urging as he galloped across the desert leaving a thin streamer of dust behind him to settle gradually to the earth again. Jack carried a rawhide quirt, the handle of which was heavily loaded with buckshot, but the quirt was only for appearances; Dusty never felt its sting.

When only a mile lay between him and Knowles's ranch Jack discovered a cloud of dust rising two or three miles to the southwest and moving rapidly in the direction of the ranch. He murmured an encouraging word to Dusty, and the little horse leaped into full speed. In an incredibly short time they dashed into Knowles's yard. In crisp, sharp sentences Jack gave his message.

A covered wagon was standing in the dooryard, but it took several minutes for Jack and Knowles to harness a team and hook them to the wagon. By that time Mrs. Knowles and five frightened children were cowering in the wagon. Knowles leaped to the seat, grabbed his lines, yelled at his horses and lashed them into a gallop.

As they dashed out of the yard and swerved into the road Jack studied the



The Indian loosed a wild yell of triumph, and at the same time Jack swung his quirt

spiral of dust, which were now uncomfortably close. At the tip of the dust he saw an almost naked warrior lashing his pony in pursuit of the wagon, and behind him six thick clouds of dust that he knew must mark the positions of six other braves. Farther back behind the screen of strangling dust might be other Indians; he could not tell.

The wagon wheels cut through the dust to the lava boulders beneath, and the wagon rolled, bumped and creaked in a manner that threatened disaster at every moment. So thick was the dust it stirred up that even to Jack, who was only a rod behind it, it showed only as a dim blur.

He left the road to get away from the dust. As he looked back he saw that the Indians were gaining on the wagon. Almost certainly they would overtake it before Knowles could reach the settlement. The horses on the heavy wagon were giving their best, but the weight, the heat and above all the stifling dust already were slowing them up. Jack knew that Dusty could easily beat the Indians to the settlement, but before he could reach it and return with help all would be over. The best thing to do apparently was to stop the wagon and make a fight until help should come. Jack had a six-shooter, and he knew that Knowles had a rifle. He rode alongside the wagon and heard the man yelling at him frantically.

"Give me your gun," Knowles pleaded. "You can git away on that pony, but my team is done."

"Where's your rifle?" Jack called back. "Jostled out of the wagon somewhere," Knowles replied.

Jack was dismayed. One six-shooter against seven armed savages seemed useless. "Go on," he urged. "I can use the gun out here better than you can."

It was plain that Knowles expected the young ex-soldier to ride on and leave him when the Indians were too close. "Give me the gun!" the man begged.

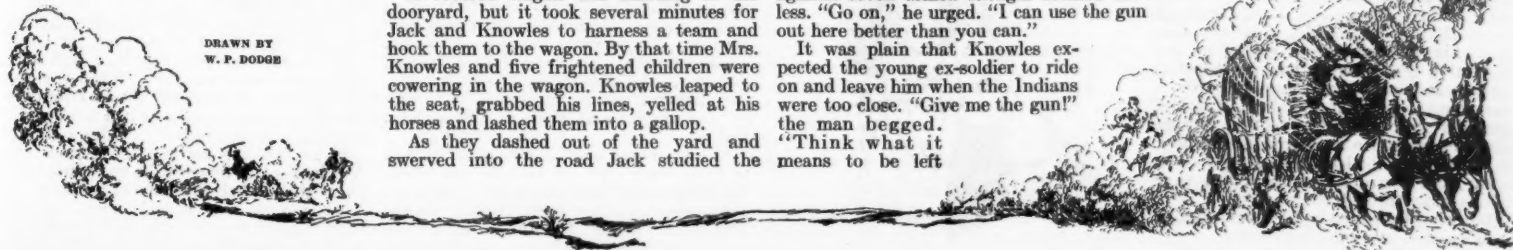
"Think what it means to be left

out here with my family and not even a six-shooter to defend them with!"

Jack unbuckled his gun and passed it to the rancher. Then at the risk of crashing over an invisible lava ledge he rode to the edge of the dust cloud to reconnoitre. Not an Indian was in sight, but he knew they were close at hand, hidden in the dust. He felt a swift spasm of fear as he tried to peer through the blinding curtain. At any moment a painted, bloodthirsty savage might loom up at his very back.

It would have been much better, he reflected, to have stayed at the ranch and made a stand there, but it was of no use thinking of that now. Nor would it be worth while trying to get Knowles to listen to any plan or stratagem for ambushing the Indians one by one as they came up. Indeed, since there was only one six-shooter, the feat seemed impossible. He decided to get ahead of the wagon, where at any rate he should be comparatively free from the dust and should be able to see when the fight started.

Riding ahead of the team, he saw a small lava knoll looming directly ahead by the side of the road. Instantly he thought of a plan of action as startling in its simplicity as in its daring. He turned Dusty abruptly to the right and brought him to a standstill under the knoll. As the wagon rattled by, the dust it threw up enveloped him as if in a blanket. A moment later he saw a moving blur in the dust that he knew was the leading Indian. Then he saw another and another blur until he had counted seven. Wrapping the lash of his quirt round his hand and swinging the shot-laden

DRAWN BY
W. P. DODGE

handle, Jack dropped in behind the last Indian and urged Dusty to do his best. The quirt and the splendid egotism of youth were his only weapons.

Dusty's nose was at the flank of the Indian's horse before the savage detected him. The warrior glanced back over his shoulder, but before he could lose his startled yell of warning the heavy butt of the quirt descended upon his head. The Indian stiffened and for a moment seemed to lose his balance. Jack struck again with all the power of his sturdy, muscular arm, and the Indian toppled from his horse to the smothering ground. Jack could hardly restrain an exultant yell of triumph. Thrusting his hat under his leg that he might more readily be mistaken for the fallen Indian, he raced on after the next one. The question now was, could Dusty, splendid little horse that he was, overtake each of the Indians before any of them overhauled the wagon?

The next Indian was entirely unaware of any danger from the rear. Standing in his stirrups, Jack leaned far ahead and struck, and the Indian slid to the ground without a sound. Jack was gaining confidence and proficiency.

The next two warriors were uncomfortably close together, but Jack struck the two necessary blows with one continuous swing of his arm, and both hit the ground without even a gurgle to warn their companions of the danger that was overtaking them. The quirt was perhaps not a death-dealing weapon, but when wielded by Jack Huntley's powerful arm it was capable of putting the strongest man out of the fight.

In swift succession the next two murderous Bannocks struck the dust as plucky little Dusty brought his master abreast of them. But the remaining Indian, being better mounted than his fellows, was hard to overtake.

Just as Jack caught sight of him through the swirling dust the Indian raised his rifle and fired at the wagon, which was just ahead, and Jack heard the impact of the bullet on the wagon box. Immediately came the answering bark of the six-shooter in the hands of Knowles, and the bullet whined uncomfortably close to Jack's head.

The Indian fired again when Jack was only ten feet behind him. The savage was leaning ahead eagerly and yelling blood-thirsty encouragement to his followers, whom he supposed to be close behind. A grim smile was on Jack's face as he swung the quirt and urged Dusty to his utmost. At that moment the left hind wheel of the wagon struck a lava boulder; the wheel collapsed, and the wagon crashed to the ground. For a few feet it bumped along; then the horses stopped, unable to pull it farther.

The Indian loosed a wild yell of triumph, and at the same time Jack swung his quirt. Then the unexpected occurred. The Indian's horse became frightened, hesitated in its stride and jumped sideways just as the quirt descended. The blow fell harmlessly across the Indian's shoulder.

With a yell of mingled pain and astonishment the Indian turned his horse to face his unexpected assailant. Bringing Dusty to a sudden stop, Jack struck out again, but the blow fell short. Urging his game little horse breast to breast with the Indian's animal, he struck again and again so furiously that the Indian could use his gun only as a sort of shield. Finally, however, he got the rifle in position to shoot, and in sheer desperation Jack dropped his quirt and grasped the muzzle with both hands. Thinking no doubt that help was close at hand, the Indian did likewise.

Suddenly the horses swerved apart, and the combatants crashed to the ground. That some of the stories of Jack's personal prowess may not have been greatly exaggerated he proved by twisting his heavy, greasy opponent underneath him and fastening upon him a grip that the Indian was powerless to break.

A mild summer breeze from the west sprang up and lifted the entire dust cloud gently to one side as a curtain lifts on some mammoth stage. Knowles was standing beside his wrecked wagon gazing at the remarkable scene before him in stupefied wonder. He saw Jack Huntley with a triumphant grin upon his face, kneeling upon a prostrate, helpless redskin. Strung along the road for a quarter of a mile were the apparently lifeless bodies of half a dozen more warriors, whose ponies were trotting away through the lavas.

"Wh-what happened to all them Injuns?" Knowles cried in a quavering voice.

"I got behind 'em an' laid 'em out with a

quirt," replied the perspiring, dust-begrimed ex-soldier. "Help me tie up this savage an' load him on to his pony. I'm goin' to take him in as a souvenir."

The job was quickly done. Looking back toward Knowles's ranch, they saw a thin spiral of smoke rising from the house and swiftly increasing in volume—mute evidence that other Indians had arrived. All too plainly the smoke told what would have been the fate of Knowles and his family had they remained on the ranch. Looking the other way, they saw a much more welcome sight. At first it was only a cloud of dust, but as

it swept down upon them they saw that it was my father coming to the rescue with a party of men.

Gathering up the six unconscious Indians, the settlers assisted the Knowles family to the settlement. Every one of them recovered. They were surly customers enough, but we did not have to keep them long, for a few days later a party of soldiers passed our way and took them as prisoners to Fort Hall.

Strangely enough, Jack Huntley talked little about his exploit and seemed not to like others to mention it. But needless to

say he was thereafter a real hero with the people at the settlement.

Buffalo Horn's uprising was not easily put down. With his warriors he swept on down the Snake river into the Owyhee country, committing depredations wherever the white people were too weak to resist; from time to time word of Indian atrocities came back to us. Jack Huntley became strangely restless. Finally a party of volunteers on their way after the hostiles passed through the settlement, and Jack went with them. Thus he and Dusty passed out of our lives. We never saw them again.

PA WEINERT AND AUTO-SUGGESTION

By Edith M. Leavell ~



NE afternoon in May Ma Weinert sat on her shady porch engaged in her usual occupation, needlework. But it did not engross her today. Every moment or two she lifted her eyes to send an anxious glance at Edny, who was drooping in seeming

listlessness against the gate post. Already Ma had asked her if she was "out with Fannie Bell," and Edny had replied briefly, "No'm, we ain't mad. But Fannie Bell's studying expression, and I get tired of having her recite at me all the time." And after a wondering pause Ma had ventured again, "Well, are you lonesome or feelin' down about anything?" To which Edny, whirling about, had answered sharply, "I tell you I'm all right, Ma. Nothing's the matter."

It was very puzzling; for immediately Edny had fallen again into that wistful, drooping pose. Wistfulness was new to Edny. Ma felt vaguely that it was connected with the doing up of the flaxen pigtail braids and the pinning on of enormous ribbon bows above Edny's ears. Yet except for that recent change Edny seemed in every way the little girl she had been so long.

Mrs. Casey too by chance had seen Edny leaning upon the gate, and, feeling in some occult way that her services were needed, she now descended her own front steps and crossed the patch of grass that lay between the Casey and the Weinert home.

"Come up," said Ma. "Set down. I'm tryin' to finish this shirt before supper time."

Mrs. Casey, going toward a chair, leaned over Ma to say in an undertone, "She don't look so happy, does she?"

After an eloquent gesture Ma lifted her voice and called, "Daughter, run down to Shofner's and get me some fresh buns for supper. Charge 'em, Edny."

Having thus cleared the way for confidences, Ma hitched her chair toward Mrs. Casey.

"You spoke my thoughts," said Ma. "I've been gettin' so worried! Yesterday she begun—"

"Oh, before then," put in Mrs. Casey cheerfully. "I saw her plenty times, moonin' round, starin' down street!"

Ma let her sewing fall. "Did you, Mrs. Casey? I declare! I never noticed her before

today. It ain't like her. Ain't she puny-lookin' to you, Mrs. Casey?"

Mrs. Casey startled Ma with a little, cackling laugh and then drew her lip down over her protruding teeth to say, "Law me, Mis' Weinert, you don't tell me you've forgot how you was at that age! Puny? Why, that child's no more sick than that chicken out there!" Mrs. Casey cackled again. "Law me, Mis' Weinert, it's nothing in the world but that child's got boys on the brain!"

Ma stared blankly, protested faintly and at last became convinced. By the time Mrs. Casey rose to leave, Ma was so far along in her conversion as to be echoing her neighbor's laugh. And when Edny lagged up the steps with the buns a few minutes later Ma even jibed baldly, "Who's your beau, honey? What's his name?"

If Edny's blank, disgusted stare did not annihilate her mother, it was only because Ma, abashed by her effort, had fled into the house. Still convinced, however, that Mrs. Casey was right, Ma stopped Claude as he came in by the kitchen door and whispered the news.

Claudia, whose six feet of height made his name a travesty, looked down at Ma stubbornly. To him Edny was "the kid," always had been, always would be. "You've got to prove it to me," he said. "Where is she now? He tiptoed to the door, and Ma followed. "Don't look to me like she's got a boy on the brain. Looks like she's starin' at something down street to me." He hesitated a moment longer. "Anyway I ain't going to let Mrs. Casey stuff me. I'm going to ask Edny. Guess she knows what her brain's doing."

"No, no, Claudia, don't you tease that child," his mother admonished him inconsistently.

But Claudia had opened the door. Bounding down the steps and out to the gate, he lifted Edny by her elbows, whirled her round and watched her grin as she struggled to get away. Those, Claudia knew, were attentions that Edny liked. And unless Ma happened for once to be right he knew that he himself was still Edny's one and only hero.

"Say, kid, what's eatin' you?"

"Nothing! What's the matter?"

"Ma said you were moonin' round—"

"Oh! Ma!" The interjection seemed saturated with disapproval. "You ought to 've seen Ma and Mrs. Casey this afternoon. Ma said, 'What's his name, honey? Who's your beau?' I haven't got a beau! I wouldn't be silly about a boy if—"

"Well, then, what you leanin' on the gate for, lookin' like you'd lost your last friend?"

"Aw, I ain't lookin' like anything," she retorted. "If I stand here, I can see the automobiles goin' down the avenue. I'm countin' the different makes that go by. O Claudia, I'm crazy about automobiles!"

Claudia's first reaction was one of simple pleasure. He slapped his thigh; he threw back his head and laughed. This was a good one on Ma and that nosey Mrs. Casey, who always knew so much. After a few moments, however, Edny's words came back to him, words touched with more than a hint of longing. So he said indulgently, "Watchin' the different makes go by? Now, what do you know about kinds of automobiles, kid?"

"I know every one!" she boasted. "I look at them when they are standin' still along the street, and I watch men fixin' 'em when the hoods are up, and I go and study the engine. And, Claudia, there's one kind don't have a fan, and that's better, 'cause the fan



DRAWINGS BY PAUL MARON

belt busts sometimes like I saw one day in at Kelly's garage—"

"What? You went into a garage?"

"Claudia, there wasn't any crowd of men in there. It was only Harv Kelly in there, and he asked me to come in and look around. He told me I could. And I climbed in a car, and I said what did they put a feeder 'way off to the right for? I'd have it so your foot could work it, it'd be handier; and he said I'd ought to be an inventor. He did, Claudia, honest. And he said he bet I could name every make there is, and I said—"

Here Edny, having outrun even her speed limit, paused for breath. Claudia stared admiringly into her excited eyes. "Well, what do you know about that?" he said.

Moved by his absorbed attention to herself, Edny became suddenly plaintive. "O Claudia, I wish I had a car! If it was only a little one. I wish I had one!"

"You wish you had one? You want to drive one?"

"Sure, Claudia. But drivin' ain't the most to me. I'd pick that up in two minutes. Why, I know how already. But I want to work with 'em and take 'em to pieces and put improvements on to 'em. O Claudia, there's not a thing in our house I can take to pieces and put together again except the sewing machine, and Ma won't let me touch that!"

Claudia thrust his hands deep into his pockets and gazed at his sister in amazement. He had not been disturbed the summer before when Ma had complained that Edny wasn't hardly any help at all about the house. Now he felt that his faith in her was vindicated. He'd bet there wasn't a kid sister in the whole United States so smart about cars as Edny. And when, warming under his eyes, she asked wistfully, "Claudia, can't a woman be a big inventor same as a man?" Claudia's admiration merged to awe.

"Kid," he exclaimed, gripping her by the shoulder, "in this day and age a woman can be anything she's got the brains to be! There was a piece in the paper Sunday about a woman made herself a big architect—had her picture in and everything. Sure! All about how she begun 'way back when she was a little girl—"

He removed his hand from her shoulder and leaned against the gate post. Claudia by some chance was possessed of a God-given, understanding sympathy. "When a person has a talent," he mused, "there's no way for him to be happy unless he can work on the thing he's crazy about." In Edny's glowing eyes he saw the fire of a mysterious gift. And by hook or by crook he was going to see that "the kid" should have her chance.

No knight ever vowed more earnestly than Claudia to reach the goal his chivalry set before him. On the other hand no knight

"In this day and age a woman can be anything she's got the brains to be!"



ever faced a more forbidding dragon than Claudie's mind now conjured up. For in this case, as he realized suddenly, the dragon was no other than the florid, hitherto amiable but now puzzling Pa Weinert himself.

For the past two weeks Pa had indeed been far from amiable. It seemed to Claudie that he simply went from one "grouch" into another. Ma said every day that she was worried, and that, if Pa kept on the way he was going, she was going to get real worried! Pa himself declared that his dyspepsia was killin' him, but he didn't propose to quit eatin' fried potatoes for any doctor! Mrs. Casey alone was not disturbed. Pa Weinert's condition, she declared, was a natural one. When men were middle-aged they just had spells of actin' that way, and that was all there was to it.

Whatever the cause of Pa's present lapse from good nature, the fact remained that on most topics commonly discussed in the family circle he was acutely unapproachable. Added to that was the more fundamental difficulty of his reluctance to part with cash. Indeed, though the mortgage on the house had long been paid, Pa had not even reached the piano-by-installments stage of spending. And no one knew how much he had laid by. Claudie thought of his own slowly growing bank account—No, he must save that for his education. He must not let himself be tempted. Surely Pa had enough, if only he could be convinced of Edny's need of a car.

Claudie straightened to find Edny's eyes resting trustfully upon him. "Kid," he said, "you've sure got a talent. Some way or other I'm going to see that you have a car to practice your ideas on. But don't you say a word to Pa, Edny. You let me manage him."

Claudie's campaign for creating a new want in his parent's breast began rather badly. The day after he and Edny had had the conversation just recorded Claudie, walking to the shops with his father, fired his opening gun. "Say, Pa, I found out something yesterday that I bet will give you the surprise of your life. You know what the kid's doing? Why, she's studying automobiles every chance she gets. Why, you'd be astonished how much she knows! She can tell you any make of car she sees; she knows about the workin' of 'em; she even—"

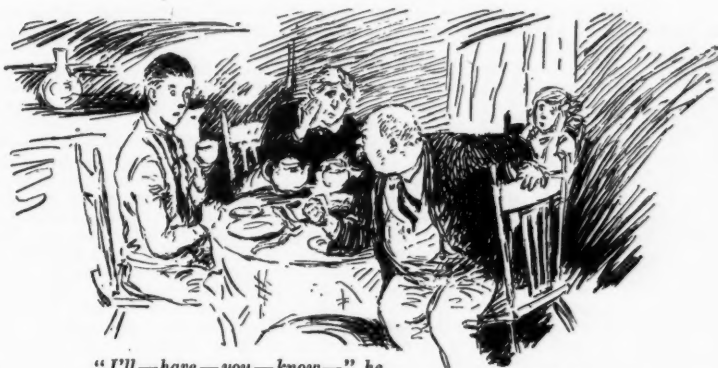
"How in Sam Hill," snarled Pa, "does a girl get an idee she wants to know about machinery?"

"Why, Pa, now days a girl can do anything she wants to. I saw in the Sunday paper—"

"I know, I know! Don't need to tell me any of that stuff. Why, that's what's the matter with this hull country—women rushin' round bein' carpenters and lawyers and now machinists!"

"It ain't machinery; it's automo—" "Don't care what! Don't care what! Hull country losin' its mind. I won't have no daughter of mine forgettin' she's a lady and leavin' her ma's kitchen to study automobiles!"

At Claudie's next conference with Edny he announced a pause in the campaign. It was obvious that Pa needed a chance to cool. Edny agreed and for some days continued to improve her talent in unobtrusive ways. But Claudie was troubled. It hurt him to think of Edny's patient attempt to learn by the slow and plodding process of observation



"I'll—have—you—know—" he declared, "I'll listen to no automobile talk in this house!"

alone. After a few days pity and pride in her spurred him to fire his second gun. He chose a time as nearly auspicious as might be when Pa was enjoying one of Ma's bountiful suppers.

"Looks like, from what I hear around, that havin' an auto is really more an economy than a man'd think just offhand."

He shot this remark into the air with determined optimism. Pa might fire up; then again he might not. Claudie took a chance. Pa, it happened, kept on crunching his ear of corn.

"From carfare alone now," argued Claudie, taking heart, "an average family'd save—lemme see, I read an article says an average family is counted as five people—"

"What's that got to do with us?" growled Pa, laying down his devastated ear of corn. "We don't ride in street cars nohow. We walk! I ain't inter-est-ed not in little cars nor in limousines."

"But s'posin' some of us was in poor health and couldn't walk, why, then—" "Then we'd stay to home!" snapped Pa. "I tell you I ain't inter-est-ed, ain't inter-est-ed a-tall!"

"But, Pa," Edny piped up eagerly, "Miss McGoocher said every family'd ought to consider their health, and she said ridin' in the fresh air'n feelin' pleasure was a way of cheatin' the doctors. She said pleasure was a real necessity to life, Pa; she told us it was. She—"

Edny had proceeded thus far while Pa was busy with his second ear of corn. When he had plowed down to a convenient terminal he stopped her. "Daughter," he said coldly, "that'll do."

Edny subsided so completely that Claudie's soft heart made him reckless.

"But look-a-here. Now listen, Pa," he said. "The real argument is a family gets its health and a good time and carries its groceries and everything for, why, for almost nothin' at all! You can go fifteen miles on one gallon of gas. Harv Kelly told me so."

"Claudie, Claudie! Can't you see your Pa's irritated?" Ma felt a worrying spell coming on. "He ain't feelin' well. He don't want to argue today, Claudie."

Pa Weinert, by that time thoroughly aroused, pushed his chair back savagely. Leaning over, he pounded the table until the dishes jingled and then gave Claudie certain raw, unseasoned bits of his mind. "I'll—have—you—know—" he declared, "I'll listen to no automobile talk in this house! All over this country this kind of thing's goin' on. All over this country I read where the younger generation are tryin' to tease and torment their parents into buyin' cars. I tell you that's what's the matter with this country! This hull country is goin' to

the dogs! It's automobiles and silk socks and things till ruin's starin' in the face of this hull country! I tell you you're just like the rest. I know what you're drivin' at. And I tell you once and for all I ain't inter-est-ed!"

With a final pound he scuffed out of the room. He opened the screen door. He slammed it heartily. They could hear him drop turbulently into his porch chair.

"Now, Claudie, see what you've done!" Ma lamented. "I declare if you children don't quit aggravatin' your pa, I'll be gettin' real worried!"

At first Claudie wanted to smile at his father's outburst. It reminded him of the fellow he and Pa had heard at the shops; he had got up on a bench at the noon hour one day and told the men how the idle rich were rushing a noble and defenseless country into perdition. But now after a few moments Claudie no longer wanted to smile; there was nothing amusing in Edny's drooping face. He was to blame for her disappointment; he had raised her hopes. Before he had talked to her she had been quite happy, nursing her enthusiasm on other people's cars. Then he had started her to dreaming. And for what? For a car that Pa with the savings he surely must have could never be persuaded to buy. Never! He didn't know what had come over Pa. "Grouch's no word for it," Claudie muttered.

For some days he brooded, feeling, if the truth must be told, far more discouraged than Edny felt, who still found an outlet for her passion in "countin' the different makes that go by." At last out of his gloom Claudie climbed to a decision. He would give up counting on Pa. He would look round for a second-hand car. He would simply have to go into his own savings. And then some morning he would walk into Harv Kelly's place and plank down the first payment on a car. Yes, sir, he'd do it! He wasn't going to see his sister disappointed!

Meanwhile it occurred to Claudie that Edny's waiting would be less irksome if she were to have catalogues from the various automobile agencies to examine. He collected several pamphlets. When he handed Edny the first booklet with long, graceful models pictured forth entrancingly her eyes shone. And as the days went by she spent many happy hours learning the distinguishing virtues of numerous high-priced cars. She was careful of course not to obtrude her feasting either on Ma, who could never have understood such a waste of time, or on the still uncertain Pa.

So matters stood when on a rainy Sunday afternoon Pa began a frenzied rummaging through cupboards and closets for a long-unused screwdriver. After a while chance led him to the shelves where prim stacks of newspapers were waiting for the illusive time when Ma Weinert should find a use for them. And chance doubtless looked on with a sardonic smile as Pa threw papers helter-skelter upon the floor until he exposed to view the catalogues that Edny had hidden away.

Pa saw them. He cried out loudly as if something had hurt him. He called for the family, but Ma was at Mrs. Casey's, and Edny was on the porch. When Claudie, who alone seemed to hear him, lounged out to the passage way dim clouds of dust were rising from the newspapers that Pa had flung round. In the midst of the clouds stood Pa, wrathfully waving aloft a bunch of

catalogues. At sight of Claudie he chose first one and then another, witheringly read off the names and hurled them contemptuously to the floor.

"The car for the people that know!" he cried. "Who brought these things into my house? Who—"

Somewhat wearily Claudie began to explain, but his father would not hear him. "I'll not have 'em in the house!" he shouted, breaking in. "I won't have you getting high-priced notions in your head. There's no sense in putting all that money into things to ride around in. I won't have you lookin' at the pictures nor thinkin' about 'em. Why, you take any low-priced car and take care of it, and it's good enough for anybody. What's more, it'll last for years. For years if it's taken care of!"

Claudie blinked his eyes and rubbed his ears. Could it be possible he was hearing aright?

"That's what's the matter with this country!" Pa rushed on. "They don't take care of nothin'. They'd ought to teach machinery in the schools same as readin' and 'rithmetic. Every boy and girl in the United States ought to be trained to understand machinery and to take care of it! Pay less, take care of



The persistence of the salesman's arguments angered him

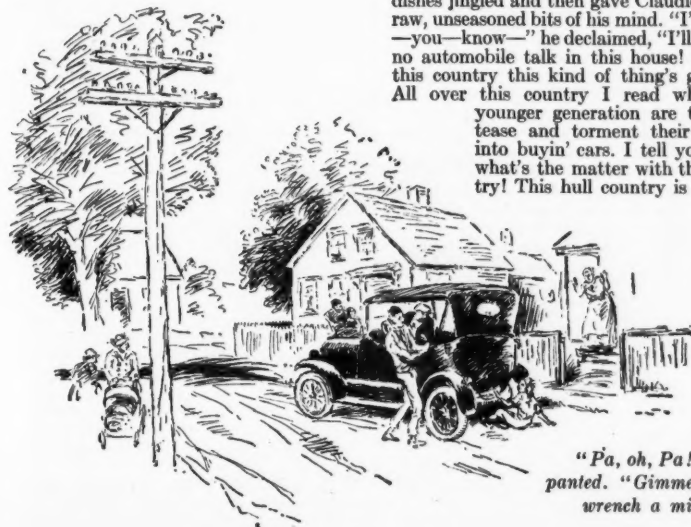
what you buy! That's my motto. That's economy. Why, I wouldn't consider havin' a car on my place except one of these low-priced cars. They're good enough for any man in this hull country!"

Claudie was unable to speak. His mind groped back to Pa's last explosion, in which automobiles of every size, shape and description had been hurled into the category of things accursed. What did it mean? Why this sudden solicitude for the "low-priced car"? Why this willingness indeed to speak kindly of any car at all?

When Pa stalked away and Claudie was left to pick up the scattered papers he tried again and again to imagine the causes of his father's unexpected change of front. True, it might lead to nothing, yet it could not but furnish a basis for hope. Was it possible that the sight of the catalogues had acted as a counterirritant to Pa's prejudice? The idea was exhilarating!

Claudie, however, was mistaken. Nothing so slight as the presence of luxury-flaunting advertisements in the house had turned Pa's venom about cheaper cars to a kindly tolerance. The events leading to his change of attitude dated some days back. They began with the evening when a well-groomed, important-looking young man who occasionally sold high-priced cars to the cautious citizens of Centerville accosted Pa on Main Street. Whether the meeting with Pa Weinert had been pre-arranged by certain amused bystanders we shall never know. Certainly the bystanders lost not a word of the encounter, though Pa was only dimly aware of their presence. The aggressive young man engaged his full attention. The persistence of the salesman's arguments angered him. Moreover, they goaded him at last into a reckless defense of cheaper cars, about which, to tell the truth, Pa knew nothing.

Withdrawing at last from a debate that left him discomfited, he turned his steps toward Harv Kelly's garage. Before another fresh young agent came bothering him he was going to accumulate a few facts on this here matter of comparative upkeep! They needn't think they could fool him with all this talk about economy in a big car! Accordingly he turned to Harv Kelly, who rented and sold automobiles of modest makes, and



"Pa, oh, Pa!" she panted. "Gimme your wrench a minute!"

Harv Kelly did the rest. That is to say, Harv was doing the rest as rapidly as might be expected. When Pa walked out of Kelly's wide doorway that evening Harv had promised to say nothing of his visit, and Pa had promised to "think about" purchasing a car.

Day by day, Pa's thinking had progressed until by Sunday it had reached a thrilling decision, withheld only by great effort from his family. It was particularly hard to keep it from Edny, whom Pa, assisted by Harv Kelly, now recognized as a genius who would some day startle the motor world. It was not astonishing, therefore, that the sight of the catalogues should have made Pa feel like a man who, on coming home with a small surprise for his wife in his pocket, is met with a demand for a grand piano.

But Pa's flare-up was short lived. His heart, full of his happy secret, was rapidly expanding toward his family; the summer's



"grouch" was fading into the past. On Monday night he was late for supper—late and by main force uncommunicative. Only once did he speak during the meal, and that was when Ma prodded him for mercy sake not to take a third helping of her pork and potato pie.

"You lemme alone," he ordered. "My dyspepsy's better. I feel so good I feel as if there ain't nothing I can't digest."

Ma shivered. But Claudie, watching, detected in Pa's bright eyes and voracious appetite the symptoms of a new enthusiasm, and his hope increased.

Tuesday night Pa was later, even more uncommunicative and this time unmistakably tired. The weariness made him cross. Had the "grouch" returned? Claudie's assurance began to waver.

Wednesday night they waited supper until Ma, exasperated, declared that one of her spells was comin' on. At that they sat down

hastily. But scarcely had they begun their forlorn and belated meal when a boisterous mixture of sputtering staccato and raucous honking rent the air of the Weinerts' street. The racket came from directly in front of their house. Simultaneously Edny, Claudie and a bewildered Ma deserted the supper table and rushed to the front door. Beyond the gate sat Pa in a thing so blatantly black and shiny that their eyes blinked in its glare.

Ma sent one distracted look at her unaccountable husband before her knees gave way and she sank into the nearest chair. Her lips moved stiffly: "I'll never risk my life in that there death trap, not for no man!"

No one heard her whisper, for Claudie and Edny, hand in hand, had sped over the short space between the front door and the car; and now Edny, speechless with joy, was darting in and out, behind and under the radiant object of her passion. Claudie, watching her ecstatically, tried at the same time to lend a filial ear to his father's words.

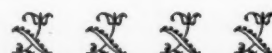
"Well, sir! Guess I sprung a good one on you this time, eh? Pretty nifty, eh? Where's

Ma? Yes, sir, nifty enough for any man, woman or child in the hull United States. And what's more, ten years from now she'll be just as good as she is right now. 'Cause I got a family's got some sense about machinery. Kind of took after me, you and Edny did. Harv Kelly, he was speakin' about that. He says he never see no one pick up drivin' so fast as I did. Say, where's Ma? Ain't she comin' out? Yes, sir! Pret-ty nif-ty! And I wouldn't be surprised, Claudie, but what this car don't cure my dyspepsy. Fresh air's good for a thing like that. O Ma! Why don't you come out?"

At that point Pa Weinert's happy outpouring was stopped by Edny, who suddenly appeared from beneath the car, with her red ribbons crazily awry and a long black smear across her gifted brow. "Pa, oh, Pa!" she panted. "Gimme your wrench a minute, Pa. I found a nut loose under here I got to fix!"

Claudie's dotting eyes beamed as he turned to his father. "Pa," he breathed, "the kid's sure got a talent!"

The MYSTERIOUS TUTOR



By Gladys Blake



Chapter Six An old diary

DORIS and Clarissa began at once to gather material for their compositions on their own home. As the days that followed Daisy's accident were necessarily holidays,—for the tutor was not well enough to preside over their lessons,—the girls made the most of the occasion by industriously searching in the attic among all the dusty, musty old manuscripts that might yield them the slightest information on the lost valuables and on other incidents in the history of the plantation. It was what Doris called a labor of gratitude. They seriously believed that they were working against their own interests in supplying such information to their mysterious tutor, but they did not hesitate. They were willing to take the risk in return for the suffering that he was enduring for having saved Daisy's life. A fortune might tremble in the balance, but they refused to think of that.

The whole family became much interested in the compositions they were preparing. The older people had no suspicion of any ulterior motive in the tutor's suggestion that his pupils should write a history of their own home, and they greatly liked the idea. Mr. Cuthbert supplied them with a new incentive by offering to have the best composition printed and bound in leather for distribution among all the kin; Mrs. Cuthbert wrote notes to various relatives in distant cities asking for their reminiscences; and Miss Martha brought forth boxes and boxes of letters and journals of long-dead Cuthberts—things the girls had not known existed. Since the weather was windy and cold, they had no desire to be out of doors with the boys, but preferred the warm fire-side in the schoolroom.

On the third morning following Daisy's accident when Doris and Clarissa were busily engaged on what they importantly called their research work the door of the schoolroom opened, and the girls looked up in surprise to see their tutor walk into the room. They had been giggling over an old autograph album that they had discovered in one of the boxes brought down from the attic, and their mirth had evidently attracted his attention. He stood looking down at them pleasantly.

"You seem quite merry here," he remarked. "May I join you? I'm tired of being an invalid."

"Why, of course, Mr. Dahl!" cried both girls, scrambling to their feet and bringing a chair for him, for his hands were still bandaged.

"What have you here?" he went on, looking round at the boxes overflowing with old letters and dusty handbooks. "Family annals?"

"Yes, sir," said Clarissa. "We are preparing some very elaborate compositions for you. And Uncle Hilary is going to have them printed to send to all the family."

"I'm glad you have become so much interested," said the tutor. "The history of old houses is often a fascinating study."

He seemed in such a pleasant mood that the girls responded heartily. They were soon chatting with him quite as if he and they had always been the best of friends. Doris

showed him the old autograph album that she and Clarissa had been laughing over when he came in. "This belonged to our Great-Aunt Elizabeth, who was quite a belle in the sixties," she explained. "Her beaux wrote these verses that we were laughing at. Listen to this one:

She sang sweet music in Huntsville;
Now she's gone away to Nashville;
But if she should go to the deep blue sea,
She would never be forgotten by her
escort—Me!

"Would you believe, Mr. Dahl, that the man who wrote that actually became a prominent lawyer in the state and was twice a member of the legislature?" put in Clarissa in an awed tone. "Uncle Hilary always said that our family could have wrecked his career any time we wanted to by publishing that verse!"

The book was filled with verses of a similar order, and Mr. Dahl laughed with the girls as Doris read them aloud. He seemed quite human that morning and little like the stiff young tutor they were accustomed to. And in their eagerness to be agreeable the girls showed him everything they could find that they thought would interest him.

"What Doris and I are really looking for, Mr. Dahl, is some clue to the mystery of those lost valuables Uncle Hilary told you about," said Clarissa. "We are searching these old letters and diaries and things in the hope that we shall find something, no matter how vague and unsatisfactory, that will shed just a little light on the place where our great-great-grandfather buried them."

"I thought you said you were gathering material for your compositions," said the tutor with a smile.

"It's the same thing," explained Doris. "Nothing in the history of Bow View is very interesting except the visit of that Russian prince and the jewels he left behind him and their strange disappearance. That is simply fascinating, don't you think so?"

He nodded and watched them gravely as they rummaged among the boxes of old papers.

Clarissa often stole a glance at the tutor's face when she could do so unobserved, but she could make nothing of his expression. He might be deeply interested in the papers, but his face did not betray it.

"Here," cried Doris suddenly and jubilantly, "is what I've been looking for from the start!"

"The jewels?" asked Mr. Dahl smilingly.

Doris looked up from the box over which she had been bending and with a light laugh shook her hair back from her face. "Not them! No such luck!" she answered. "But here is the old book, a sort of plantation log, in which our great-great-grandfather made that one and only note on what he had decided to do with the jewels his foreign guest had left in his care. I've been hunting for it so that I could see with my own eyes exactly what he said."

She blew the dust from the back of the battered old book and turned the yellowed pages until she reached the date that her Aunt Martha had told her was the one under which she would find the note. The faded ink was hard to read, but just at the end of a long entry concerning crops and slaves and



DRAWN BY B. J. ROSENMEYER

Suddenly he gave a start and bent closer to the faded writing

horses she could with some difficulty decipher these words:

I have today concealed the Dolgoruki jewels in a place I have had especially made for them at the foot of the olive tree near the well. I do not wish to put into writing a more definite description of the hiding place, but if anything happens to me, and my heirs will think a bit, I am sure it will be easily found.

That was all! His heirs had thought more than "a bit" for a hundred years, and the hiding place had not yet been discovered. The girls did not hesitate to show the entry to the tutor, for Mr. Cuthbert had already told him exactly what it contained, and the three of them bent their heads over it and tried in vain to puzzle out what the old man could possibly have meant. For olive trees had never grown on the estate.

"There's no help there," said Mr. Dahl, pushing away the book. "The old gentleman may have imagined he was leaving an easy riddle for his heirs to solve, but he was more subtle than he realized."

"Around every well and nearly every tree on the plantation our family has dug and dug and dug," declared Doris. "Aunt Martha—she's our great-aunt, you know—says there never was such digging as went on in her childhood. Her father had his slaves digging everywhere!"

"Stay a moment!" exclaimed the tutor

as if an idea had just occurred to him. He picked up the book again and scanned the entry. "Your ancestor who buried the jewels says distinctly that he is not giving a definite direction in the matter, because he does not wish to trust anything of the sort to writing. Yet if there had been an olive tree near a well, and he had buried the securities at that spot, the direction would be perfectly simple and explicit. There would be no need for his heirs to do any thinking at all. So we can be pretty sure there is a catch in it somewhere. He expected his son to solve the riddle and not to go aimlessly digging all over the place."

"It does seem as if you were right," said Clarissa. "Maybe the directions ought to be read backwards or upside down or something like that?"

While she and Doris were puzzling over the entry, which they had copied on a tablet, Mr. Dahl still held the old journal and aimlessly turned its yellowed pages. Suddenly he gave a start and bent closer to the faded writing. An odd smile quivered for an instant at the corner of his lips and then passed. But the two girls, who had looked up at his exclamation, did not learn what had startled him.

"I am not Sherlock Holmes, young ladies, and this riddle is too intricate for me," he said, pushing the book aside and rising from

his chair. "I hear the doctor, who is to re-bandage my hands, and I must therefore leave you. My thanks are yours for a most interesting hour."

He went quickly out of the room and left the two girls staring at each other in astonishment that was almost too great for words.

"Well, did you ever!" cried Doris, when she could find her voice. "What made him act like that?"

"I believe he has guessed where the valuables are hidden," said Clarissa. "He learned something from this old journal. That exclamation he gave betrayed him. But it's quite evident that he's not going to tell us what he learned."

"Let's read the whole diary carefully and see if we can discover what attracted his attention," suggested Doris.

The girls spent the next two hours painstakingly deciphering the faded and tiresome record of their great-grandfather's activities on the plantation—of the amount of cotton he raised and sold, the slaves he bought and the horses he trained! But they found nothing that gave them any information on the subject in which they were so much interested. What in the world had the tutor learned from that dreary record of barter and sale that had caused him to look as if he knew where the valuables were hidden?

"It seems to me," said Doris musingly as she turned back the pages they had been reading so carefully, "that the book was open just about here when Mr. Dahl gave that queer little start. I'm almost sure I noticed this three-cornered blot on the page he was looking at."

"Then read that page again," implored Clarissa. "Read it slowly."

Doris read it slowly, tracing each word with her finger and keeping the place that she might not overlook anything. But the entry told them nothing. It merely related the arrival of a river packet and enumerated the articles of freight unloaded at the plantation wharf. Doris went over the list again and again without discovering anything to hold her attention.

"Garden tools, plows, harness," she enumerated; "carpets, wall paper, dishes, books, a new silk dress for his wife. What on earth is there in all that to hint at the hiding place of the jewels? Besides, this entry is far in front of the one in which he says he has hidden the Dolgoruki valuables at the foot of an olive tree. When this entry was made the jewels had not been buried."

"Then you must have been mistaken in the page that Mr. Dahl was looking at when he gave that queer start," decided Clarissa, "for I am sure he saw something that gave him an idea."

But Doris continued to stare at the page before her and tell over the list of articles brought in by the river packet. "Garden tools, plows, harness," she repeated. "Carpets for the house—including two handsome Oriental rugs—wall paper—that intended for the dining room showing scenes from the Revolution, that intended for his wife's boudoir showing scenes from the south of France, that for the hall displaying an English deer chase, that for the drawing room painted with shepherds and shepherdesses dancing on a green. Dishes—a full dinner set hand-painted with pictures of the queens of England,—mother has a few of those plates still!—a box of books and that silk dress for his wife, which he is wise enough not to attempt to describe! Absolutely nothing about olive trees, though he does say something about some plants somebody sent him. But he doesn't say a word about where he set them out."

"Oh, well, that can't be the page Mr. Dahl was reading," Clarissa said again. "He saw something significant; I'm sure of it!"

At dinner time the girls showed the boys the old journal and told them of the incidents of the morning and particularly of the way Mr. Dahl had started when he had read something on those yellowed pages. Dick and Basil, believing the masculine intelligence to be superior to the feminine, carried the old book away with them to their room and spent the afternoon reading it in an effort to solve the puzzle. But that evening they had to admit that they were no smarter than their sisters. For they could make nothing of it, either.

Daisy, who had been kept quietly in bed since her accident, was allowed to come down to supper that night. She was naturally the centre of everyone's attention, and after supper she held court in the parlor for an hour or two. Doris and Clarissa, Dick and Basil gave up their evening entirely to

entertaining her, and Daisy felt most important. Even the tutor joined the circle round her chair for a short while.

"Do you know," said Daisy cheerfully to everybody in general, "that I feel as if I had saved Lucy's life just as much as Mr. Dahl saved mine! Want to know how?"

"Yes, do tell us how you saved Lucy's life," said Clarissa, laughing.

"Well, you know that in every generation of our family some child has caught fire in the schoolroom! Aunt Doris caught fire when she was a little girl, and Aunt Martha has been telling me how grandfather set himself on fire playing round the hearth when he was a little boy; and before that a little sister of our great-grandfather's fell over the andirons one day and nearly burned up. But not a single one of us had ever been on fire, and we were all growing so big it didn't seem likely we ever should. I was beginning to worry about Lucy, because she was still too little to take good care of herself, and it looked as if she would be the one to catch fire in our

day. But now that I've done it myself I feel that she's safe. I've maybe saved her life!"

They all laughed, and Basil said they would certainly have to put in steam heat to protect all future generations from the hoodoo.

"Perhaps changing the location of the schoolroom would break the spell," suggested the tutor. "Has the same room been used as the schoolroom since the house was built?"

"Very nearly," said Doris. "But in the very beginning, when my great-great-grandfather was alive, it was—"

"Stop, stop!" cried Mr. Dahl sharply, jumping to his feet. "I do not want to hear what use the room was put to in the days of your great-great-grandfather. I'm tired of your great-great-grandfather. And I wish, by the way, that in writing those compositions on the history of the plantation you would begin them after his death."

He hastily left the room, and the astonishment the girls felt that morning when he had

acted so strangely was nothing to the amazement that filled them now. They stared after him with open mouths.

"He's crazy!" exclaimed Doris.

"Do you know what I think?" said Dick. "I think he is ashamed of trying to worm information out of us, his pupils! After all we are fairly young, and it's almost like taking advantage of children. But it absolutely convinces me that he is after those lost jewels."

"But I wasn't going to say a word about the jewels," protested Doris. "I was just going to tell him that the schoolroom used to be our great-great-grandmother's boudoir. That couldn't have been of any interest to him."

"Well, he didn't know what you were going to say, and he preferred not to listen to any talk of the past," said Dick. "But if he is planning to steal from us, such scruples about mere trifles seem absurd. I don't understand our tutor one little bit."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GIRL WHO MISSED COLLEGE

By Frances Lester Warner



LITTLE group of college seniors sat under the trees by the campus lake. They were having a picnic in honor of the visiting mother of one of the girls, who loved the open country after her busy year of city life. The big bell on the college tower struck seven, and a troop of sophomores came down the hill to the boathouse and launched their canoes in the still water of the sunset lake, paddling out to the distant cove to practice for their part in the May Day water pageant.

"Oh," said the visiting mother suddenly, "you girls don't know how I envy you this life! I never had a chance to go to college, and it was my dearest ambition to be college bred!"

"You may not be college bred, Mrs. Wolcott," remarked the senior president, "but anybody would know after talking with you for two minutes that you are college born."

It was a sincere speech and so true that all the girls applauded. And later when the mother and her daughter hurried up the campus hill to attend a lecture at the art building the mother inquired what it was about her that made the girls call her "college born."

"I think," said her daughter slowly, "that they see how ready you are to enjoy hundreds of things, and how many details of all sorts you have picked up about the situation here, and how you specialize in your own work but know a little about many other interests. Of course they know you could have done well in your studies if you had gone to college. But they see that you also had the brains to make up for missing the experience."

In nearly every town there is at least one girl who is undoubtedly college born, but who for some reason can never go to college. A young college professor was talking to one such girl. He had noticed and admired her brilliant work in writing and coaching the community play that had just been performed.

"You are the kind of girl who ought to go to college," said he. "You could win high rank in any college course."



WHY SHE COULDN'T GO

"I'd love to go," replied the girl, "but I had to be out a great deal of the time in my high-school course, and when I was stronger it was too late for me to prepare for the examinations. Then my mother needs me at home with the younger children, and my older brother is a junior at Tech, doing very well. He wants to come out and work and help put me through a preparatory school course and college, but I want him to graduate and later help my other brother to go to college. Both the boys are very bright and very strong, whereas I am always giving out

if I try to stick to a regular course of prescribed work."

"Then," said the professor, "you must make a college for yourself."

Taking out his notebook and pencil, he jotted down a list of college things that he knew she would enjoy. And as they perched on a packing box on the stage he suggested how she might find each of those college things in her own town.

The list, scribbled on a little slip of paper, fell out of the girl's scrapbook one day years afterward when she was packing her trunk for her wedding trip. She picked it up and read it through again and smiled to think how pleasant her homemade college course had been. And, remembering the professor's explanations of each item, she sat down and wrote him a little note of thanks for giving her the idea that made her busy, helpful years at home so pleasant and worth while.



HER COLLEGE

This is the list of things to be discovered for herself by the girl who for any reason cannot go to college:

- Her campus
- Her professors
- Her major subject
- Her required subjects
- Her class
- Her laboratories
- Her degree

The campus of any college is a significant spot to the students even if it consists only of a quadrangle and a boardwalk. Every college has certain traditions in connection with the details of the campus: the college gate, the "quad," the fence, the class trees, the class ivy, the stone steps on which only seniors may sit and sing, the seated statue through the rungs of whose chair every freshman is made to crawl, the chapel tower, the botanical garden, the frog pond or Rhododendron Hollow—some special nook or corner made interesting by associations. There is always a distinction too between living "on campus" and "off campus." To live "off campus" is in some colleges a condition imposed by lack of space. But the girl who cannot go to college may choose her own campus. It may be the garden of her own house, where, like the Wellesley girls, she can always enjoy the green things in spring or the bushes covered with snow in winter.

In old days the Wellesley students were allowed each to select one acre of the campus for her own. That was at the time when there were only three hundred girls in college and three hundred acres in the campus—one acre to each girl. The girls who loved boating chose their acres near the lake. The girls who loved flowers chose each an acre where they might plant daffodil bulbs for the spring. Girls who loved hills chose a high crest topped with great oak trees. The girl who does not go to college may choose her own acre—perhaps some lovely country spot near her home, perhaps a corner of the city park, perhaps a sandy beach at the seaside. She does not have to stay "on campus," for

many of her studies lead her far away. But at least she can choose her own and can fill it with happy memories as her interest in each corner of it grows.

Her professors she may also choose. It is always a temptation to students to "elect the professor" when they can, when they are selecting a particular course. That is natural enough. Anyone would rather study books with a professor like James Russell Lowell than with a person who is known to deaden any course he tries to teach. In many colleges the custom of "electing the prof" is discouraged by printing the subjects and divisions with no guiding names. But the girl who cannot go to college can always select her instructors. They need never know that she is taking a course with them. There is her grandmother, for example, who can give her a detailed course in nineteenth century customs or the economic changes in fifty years or in Civil War history. Most grandmothers and grandfathers are afraid to talk of all their memories, because they are sure the younger generation will be bored. But if anyone can get them to go into detail about times gone by, he can gather what scholars call "source material" in the form of old yellowing letters from officer brothers at the front, occasional documents and diaries, the detailed records of which can never be duplicated in textbooks. The girl interested in history can take all that as a starting point. Having her grandmother's reminiscences to launch her on the topic, she can go to the library and gather a bibliography of her own making, listing all the books that deal with the phase of the subject that interests her most. Notebook in hand, she can read and jot down curious passages from letters, chance remarks from those who remember the times and notes from contemporary authors.

PROFESSORS AND SUBJECTS



That is only one example of the way in which a professor may be elected. She may choose her father, who can give her a glimpse of his business knowledge or other interests. Or it may be her brother, who can initiate her into a field of radio or machinery. Or an enthusiastic florist will perhaps let her take waste cuttings from plants at pruning time and will tell her about flower culture and soils. Or it may be the Italian fruit dealer who can start her in an investigation of Italy and can teach her a few of his favorite Italian words. She need not trouble any of her professors much, but she can give them each a chance to tell her the things they know best. Her mother's cook is a wonderful professor of the practical chemistry of cooking. Her minister can suggest books. Her mother can help her with crafts. The librarian can direct her to the wonderful resources of the books that all libraries are proud to have in circulation as often as possible—the books seldom taken out by those who simply want a story to read

themselves to sleep with at night. Besides these professors every girl who cannot go to college may select one real "authority" among the specialists in her favorite field and take all his lectures faithfully—take them from his books.

All this, to be sure, is likely to be a smattering course, but it is not what students call a "snap course." The girl who directs her own studies works for what she gets and does not forget what she has learned.

But after all not all the work will be smattering. As soon as she has gone far enough to decide what her favorite subject is to be she can begin to "major"—to put the largest proportion of her time into the careful pursuit of one selected theme. If it is literature, she will not be content with reading selections from the minor authors of each period, but she will select some one man among the writers to read thoroughly. As she goes on she will learn to do more than simply skim a great writer's masterpiece. She will find out all she can about him and about the other writings that branched into or out from his. She will even consult the college curriculum of some university the catalogue of which happens to be in the public library and will follow the reading for at least one of the college courses. She will miss the professor's remarks and directions and explanations, but she can make up for that by reading more thoughtfully than the schedule-driven college girl has time to read.

Suppose the girl who cannot go to college has now chosen her major subject. She will very soon meet the same difficulty that every college student faces—the necessity of doing good work also on a number of "required subjects" that take time from the things she likes best. For the girl who lives at home required subjects are mostly courses in domestic arts and social science. The way to deal with required subjects is to do what the college girls call "getting them off early." They try to complete as many as possible before their senior year, thus leaving a glorious open schedule to fill with their favorite electives. The girl who lives at home never completes her required subjects, but she can get them off as early as possible each day, doing each exercise carefully and promptly, finding in it increasing meaning as time goes on, and then having a clear conscience later in the day for the subject she likes best.

Required subjects test the versatility and stamina of the student. They also keep her from being one-sided. No one likes a girl who is nothing but a bookworm or an expert on clothes. Everyone likes the girl who is ready to take an interest in a variety of things. If she keeps her mind open to the educative value of the most tiresome required courses, she will find that they bring her the new material for her thought. For example, suppose one member of the family is an invalid, and the girl must spend much of her spare time taking care of the sick room, acting as companion, reader or untrained nurse. Here is a chance to become well versed in some of the duties of a young probationer in a hospital training course. The tempting arrangement of a tray for a capricious invalid is as careful a study in one phase of abnormal psychology as the most clever professor could devise. What is the effect of color? Of quantity? Of arrangement? What about the effect on sensitive nerves of that tricky thing called atmosphere? What thoughts bring repose? What books pass the time? What wise things does the doctor do? A sensible doctor is usually willing to give a young attendant some points in the minor matters of his complicated art. And if he is not exactly the sort of doctor that a girl would venture to elect as a "prof," at least she can observe him as the students observe those visiting celebrities who sometimes electrify every campus.



THE REQUIRED COURSE

Or suppose the required course is the care of younger brothers and sisters. Here is a course in child psychology, in kindergarten work, in practice teaching. In every library nowadays there are books filled with suggestions or devices for amusing little boys and girls and for making their playtime count. A rainy day can be made a heaven on earth by the big sister who knows how.

Taking courses by yourself has an advan-



tage; you do not have to recite. But still every girl belongs to a class. It may not be the class of 1926, to which some of her college friends belong. The class color may be the color of the green fields where she explores the country with her friends. Perhaps the motto is

the motto of the famous thinker, "Nothing to me alien is," or "I saw naught common on thy earth." Or perhaps it is the motto of a famous publishing house, "Business with pleasure." Perhaps the class flower is the ramble rose on the veranda of her house. Or perhaps it is the wild rose that grows on the hill where she and her friends rest after tennis or golf or after hot days at the office.

But whatever type of class hers is, it is always coeducational, varied and interesting. For it consists of all the young people of her age in the town where she lives, and, if she has the true college spirit, she is loyal to her class. Their points of view are more enlightening than they would be if they were all taking the same courses. There is the stenographer who has much news of the downtown world. There is the young electrician who would talk absorbingly of his job if he were not afraid a girl would be bored. There is the young lawyer in an office of his own and the young teachers in the high school or the grades. Whether they know it or not, each young man or woman of her circle has a major subject, the cream of which she may share if she knows how to encourage each of her friends to talk of his own work. It is astonishing how seldom anyone is found who is willing to listen to other people's "majors." We call it "talking shop," but the girl who understands the possibility of that kind of class spirit can give and gain the peculiar stimulus that college students enjoy in modern class

discussions. With her class too she can enjoy the informal sort of sociability that is possible on a campus—sociability with no great expense: amateur dramatics, clubs, hikes and impromptu original masquerades.

In this social element the girl at home has an immense advantage over her sister at a women's college. But in laboratory work, the next to the last item on the professor's list, she is limited. If her "major" is cooking, she has a perfect laboratory in the kitchen. If it is care of the sick, there again she has certain laboratory resources. But usually she has to use her ingenuity.



HER LABORATORY

In scientific research there are two kinds of experiments: directed experiments and observations. The directed experiments are possible in chemistry and most branches of physics, but the observations are necessary in astronomy. The astronomer, the greatest of men of science, can never assemble the objects of his study in his laboratory. He must gather all his information through his sharp eyes, through the observatory lens of the great telescope. The girl who lacks a laboratory equipment in her favorite subject can work through observation. She may love foreign travel better than anything else in the world. Then she can make the most of books and foreigners and museum collections of treasures of the Old World. She may be

interested in social science, yet have no opportunity to study conditions at first hand. Here again she can use her spiritual telescope and observe the orbits of other people and compute where they intersect.

It is a fascinating business, electing a subject for observation. Every topic of research opens unexpected paths of genuine interest in many others.

The girl who is really college born need not feel limited for life by her lack of the regular college course. She can gain in four years, not indeed the duplicate of college education, but a rich and individual experience of her own making—one that will inevitably fit her for the best and broadest interests that come her way.

The girl to whom the professor gave the outline of this idea followed his suggestions for four years. At the end of that time there were of course no graduation ceremonies. Sometimes universities in awarding degrees give with each an epigram that states the distinguishing qualities of the candidate on whom honors are conferred. This particular girl never knew that any epigrams were selected for her, and the professors who selected them never suspected that they had ever given her a course. But these were the things that people said about her after she had set out on her wedding trip abroad.

Her mother said, "I don't know what I could have done without her these four years."

Her younger brother said, "It's pretty quiet without sister in the house."

The young lawyer said, "She's the only girl I know who would rather be talked to than flattered with."

The fruit vender at the corner store said, "Een Eetalee she will see everything, everything, and she will lika eet all."

And the college graduate who lived next door, remembering a certain picnic by the campus lake in her senior year, said to herself, "That girl was college born."

By Charles J. Lisle

SAVING A NICKEL

"THERE isn't a single thing that could possibly happen to me except that I might shoot myself accidentally, and I guess I know better than to do that! Besides, cartridges cost a nickel apiece, and I couldn't afford to waste even one."

It did not seem a dangerous thing for John Willys, after he had said good-by to his mother, to mount his pony and set off for a day's antelope hunt. It was in western Nebraska one October day in the late seventies. There were still a few fugitive migratory buffaloes, though the cattle were fast taking their range. Huge buffalo wolves still ravaged in the wake of the bison herds and troubled the stockmen. Prong-horn antelopes were still to be found in large bands. The settlers lived largely on wild meat, which was easy to get. Hunting seemed scarcely more dangerous than picking peas or feeding hens at home.

For almost an hour John rode steadily out into the unsettled sandhills before he found his first game. Then he saw a band of antelopes and began to stalk them. He came up to them as they were feeding in a little valley just under the tall sand dune where he had crept for a better view. By a long shot he knocked down one of the largest; the others fled like the wind. Since the antelope on the ground seemed to be dead, the hunter carefully observed the place, walked back down the hill to where he had left his pony and, mounting, set out to pick up his prize.

The antelope, however, was not dead; it staggered to its feet and as the rider approached hobbled off up the next little hill. John was so sure that it was fatally wounded that he did not take another shot; the big cartridges were too expensive and hard to get to waste needlessly. "I'll save that nickel," he said as he took out his hunting

knife and rode on to overtake the animal.

It hobbled along until it reached the top of the little hill ahead of the rider; then it disappeared. But it had not gone far. The other side of the hill was a "blowout," one of the curious formations of the sand-dune country. Certain undetermined physical or atmospheric conditions produce great sand eddies, where the sand is scooped up by the fierce prairie winds and either is blown out entirely or is driven ceaselessly round as if by centrifugal force until the crater is sometimes thirty or forty feet deep. The blowouts contain no vegetation. The sand in them has no humus to bind it, but flows almost like sand in an hour glass. Though it does not have the suction of wet quicksand, it has the same sort of sinister grip.

The wounded antelope had staggered blindly over the rim of the hill into the edge of the crater, where it slid and fell for almost forty feet to the conical bottom. With its dainty, pointed legs almost buried in the soft sand it was there struggling when John rode up within sight.

"Aha, I've got you now!" thought the hunter as he dismounted and drew his knife.

Finally one great wolf . . . came sliding down the slope towards the boy

DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER

Leaving the pony and his rifle at the top of the crater, he slid down the sandy slope, where he speedily finished the creature. It was an especially fine prize, and John sat down for a moment to admire it. Then he started to dress it preparatory to loading it on the pony for the trip home. He should have to walk because of the added load.

When he staggered to his feet with the heavy prize on his shoulders and started to climb the slope he found to his astonishment that he could not gain an inch. The sand, so soft and easy to the feel, was a barrier that strength could not pass. He sank almost to his knees in the treacherous stuff.

He laid down the load and debated. He had never before stepped into such a crater; no one ever had stepped into one, he supposed; no one could have any good reason for doing so, and no one could realize what it might mean. With a sudden sickening fear he thought shudderingly of the trapdoor spider that builds its nest at the bottom of just such a sand trap, from which no victim escapes. The shifting sand walls, so soft and innocent looking, were as effective as prison walls of granite or of steel.

Again and again he tried to climb the slope; even without carrying the antelope his efforts were scarcely more successful than at first. The afternoon slipped away; he grew



hungry and thirsty. He thought miserably of cutting and cooking an antelope steak, but there was within reach no shred of material for making a fire. His efforts to climb out and the nervous strain made of his hunger and thirst a maddening torment.

Night came. He heard nothing of his pony; it had doubtless long since wandered off and might be already at home. He had seen and heard no living thing except vultures—first one lone bird seemingly miles away in the sky, and before sundown a flock of a dozen that kept narrowing their circles, and that were always in sight. He thought at first that they were intent only on the antelope. Then came the grewsome idea that they were after him also. None of them flew directly above the crater, but they swept a little nearer at every circle. He might expect them in the morning—flocks of them, the hungry scavengers of a hundred miles of desert. And they might make no distinction between him and the antelope at his feet!

The night was cold and cheerless. There was a touch of frost, for which he was ill prepared. Again he thought of a welcome fire to cook, to warm, to signal; again he realized grimly that he had no fuel. He shivered down into the sand, which still retained some of the day's warmth. A far-off howl came to his ears, bringing a new and disquieting thought. The big wolves were abroad; their sense of smell, almost as keen as the sight of the birds, might bring them to his own trail, and then the antelope odor would madden them to attack him. He had no rifle, and they would soon know it.

The sound grew nearer; almost before he realized that they were hunting him there was a row of shining eyes at the top of the slope, eager shufflings and whinings, and he knew that he was already marked down in the wolf memory as a sure and easy dinner. They were only forty feet away, and he had no rifle!

With a caution that far exceeded his own the wolves hesitated to venture into the crater even after prey that seemed so helpless and desirable. But finally one great wolf either made the venture intentionally or else crept so close as to lose its footing and came sliding down the slope towards the boy.

A one hundred and twenty-five pound hungry wolf is a desperate warrior; only the lucky hunter ever kills one with a knife alone without himself receiving a mark or a death wound. Wolves do not usually attack warily; once committed to an assault, they win if at all by bold, savage onslaught. But the big wolf that slid down the crater walls to where a fat antelope and a frightened but desperate boy were awaiting its coming instantly lost its fighting spirit in the soft footing and began to scramble wildly to get back up the slope. It did not succeed; clawing like a mad thing, it slid helplessly, inexorably to the bottom. It was frightened and might not have attacked, but the first furious knife thrust that John aimed at its heart was fatal, and with a strangled yelp it died.

The rest of the pack howled intermittently all through the night, circling eagerly round the rim of the crater. No others dared attempt the descent, however, and with the breaking of day they disappeared. The dead wolf smelled strongly of the unclean foods that the wolfish appetite craves, but its body gave off enough warmth during the night to enable the boy to keep fairly comfortable.

With the morning the vultures reappeared. A dozen, a score, circled nearer and nearer. They would never take the risk the wolf had taken; they would wait, wait until their prey was beyond power to resist, and then the end would be sure and tragic.

John had long since given up every hope of climbing out or of signaling. Not for years might a traveler chance to look in on the crater; he did not doubt that he was the first white man ever to see that forsaken place. "If I only had a rope!" he thought.

A rope! His lariat was fastened to the saddle, and he had left the whole outfit at the rim of the crater only forty feet away. Though he knew that the pony surely had left the place hours before the wolves came, he whistled and called, hoping that his mount, which was a pet, might somehow hear and come back. There was no response to his hours of calling; still he continued to think of the lariat at his saddle bow and the willing pony that might drag him out.



"If I could only make a rope!" he said to himself at last.

He looked at the antelope and the wolf at his feet, and suddenly his thoughts cleared. Only a few days before he had been plaiting a new rawhide lariat. It was made from prepared skins, but the seasoning merely made the material better for working, without changing its strength or adaptability. Might he not now make a green-hide rope?

With fingers that trembled with eagerness and with the weakness of hunger and exposure he skinned the wolf at his feet. Cutting the hide into strips he set out to plait a rope that would reach to the top of the crater. It was slow work, and the resultant rope was ragged, but it was surely strong. The waning afternoon warned him that he must hurry or stay another night in the frosty, wolf-guarded prison. So, cutting wider strips, he twisted them without plaiting to make them easier to handle. Before sundown he had a line that would reach several feet beyond the rim of the crater.

He stood up to test the rope. It was heavy and compact, but it felt dead; it would not cast like a used *riata*. Try as he would, he could not cast a loop to the top of the prison wall. Forty feet is a long distance for any kind of cast; the *riata* used by expert ropers is almost never longer than forty or forty-five feet, including the loop and the loose end at the saddle bow. With the sloping walls everywhere crowding in on him, he had no room for a swing such as a horseman would have from his elevated seat; he knew that no rope could ever cast a noose up over the rim of the crater to catch the bushes only a few feet beyond. Some of those bushes he could see, but they were far away. His rope was ready, but it would not help him.

"If I had an anchor of some kind to throw up and catch on those bushes!" He had thought of many ways to escape and had abandoned every one because of some vital flaw. The idea of an anchor seemed fantastic; still it persisted.

He touched the antelope at his feet; it was cold and rigid, and the slender legs were as stiff as if made of wood or steel. Then his inspiration came. Taking one of the shins, he slit the skin at about the middle so that he could pass a hide thong through it and round the bone. Then he tied the shin securely to the end of the hide rope. That was his anchor to catch in the bushes above and help release him from his perilous prison!

The first cast fell far short. The next was better. With each throw he learned better what his throw had to be and came a little nearer the top. Finally a good cast landed the shin-bone anchor and the end of the rope well beyond the rim of the crater.

"I'm safe!" he shouted as he tested the rope. "But I'm not going to lose all that brought me here!"

A wolf scalp was worth more than a good steer or a whole month's work. He scalped the wolf and took its forepaws; then he did up the antelope in its own skin, tying it to the end of the rope so that after he had pulled himself to the top he could bring the prize up after him. Then he started to climb out.

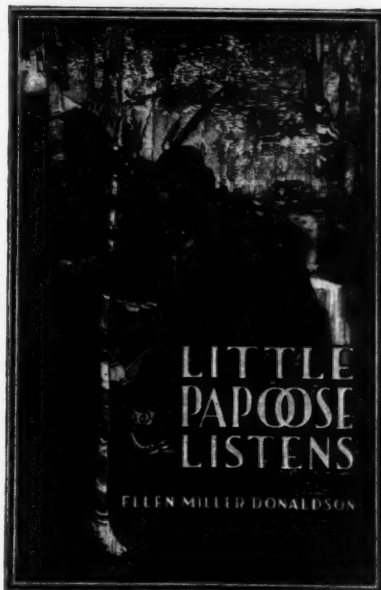
It was hard work; he had to pull his whole weight against the backward drag of the sand. He had covered more than half the distance when the anchor let go, and he slid back to the bottom of the crater. He was not hurt, but the failure unnerved him; he almost lost heart. Just then an exceptionally huge and hideous vulture swept in close; he could see the pallid, featherless head, the cruel beak and red eyes. The vulture was waiting for him to give up!

Picking up the rope with its bone anchor, he straightened the coils more smoothly than before and put his utmost strength into the next throw. The line swept almost beyond his grasp, so well had he made the cast. It caught and held; he tried it, and it did not yield. Once more he started up the treacherous sand; once more he had to exert every ounce of his strength to overcome the resistance of the smiling sandy slope. There was a tremor of the rope, and he grew faint as it settled back several inches. Then it held firm.

Within five minutes he was on top, had dragged the antelope up after him and was kindling a fire of greasewood over which to cook the meals that he had missed.

"I'll turn this wolf scalp into enough cartridges so that I'll not need to take any more fool chances to save a nickel," he said as he sat down to his one-course meal.

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS



If You Were An Indian —

You would hear all the stories told in the book, "Little Papoose Listens." How the Little-Brothers-of-the-Woods help each other, how to read the footprints in the snow which are their letters to each other, how the tadpole lost his tail, how the butterflies were named "Flowers-With-Wings" — these are just a few of the stories you will like. Ellen Miller Donaldson played with Indian children and heard these stories she tells you, from an Indian story-teller. \$1.00.

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BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

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As is our custom we shall carry further announcements of many of the leading publishers in The Companion of November 27. Look for them.



FACT AND COMMENT

KNOWLEDGE IS GOOD; using it wisely is better.

That Carpenter is not the Best
Who make More Chips than all the Rest.

THE DRIVER is often the most dangerous part of an automobile.

A NEW YORK WOMAN gave the following advice at a party in honor of her one hundred and fourteenth birthday: "Love is the most important thing in life. Happiness is not easy, but for true contentment I advise young women to marry wisely and for love alone." A bright, happy party it was with its many-candled cake and its succession of guests. The only touch of sadness was regret that her "boy," who is eighty-five years old, could not be present.

THE DOGS OF FRANCE, says a Paris newspaper, eat about 2,250,000 pounds of white bread a day, or approximately one tenth of all that is eaten in the city. For the past two years the newspaper has been urging people not to waste bread; now because the wheat crop is so poor, it has started a campaign against dogs. It suggests that bakers be required by law to make dog bread containing bran and asserts that tests have proved that dogs thrive best on bread of that sort.

THE LAMAS OF TSARUNG in southwestern Tibet have decreed that all hunters who are caught killing musk deer shall have their hands cut off. The reason for the drastic order is that owing to perfumers' increasing desire for musk the deer are becoming scarce. Southwestern Tibet is the sole source of the best natural musk. A much inferior grade comes from the Altai Mountains in mid-Asia; and a sort of musk has been made synthetically, but it is so poor that it is used only in the cheaper perfumes.

SWIMMING is required as part of the students' work in twenty-two colleges and universities for women. Nine institutions—Cornell University, Iowa State Agricultural College, Rockford College, Syracuse University, Cincinnati University, the University of Wisconsin, Wells College, Western Reserve and Wooster College—refuse to grant a degree to a student that fails to pass a fixed swimming test. The requirement that women learn to swim is based on sound sense, for swimming is not only a healthful and pleasant exercise but often a means of saving life.

THE PRINCE OF WALES, as people well know, was "in the news" a great deal during his recent visit to this country; nevertheless, it is astonishing to read that no fewer than 61,120 newspaper articles were written about him while he was here. A press clipping bureau gathered the clippings from all parts of the country and made them into a book, which weighs three hundred and twenty-five pounds, and has sent the book to London to be presented to the Prince on his return. The clipping bureau says that no President of the United States ever received so much publicity in so short a time.

MOTOR ACCIDENTS, says the Bureau of Public Roads, result from the following causes: blind curves and intersections of roads; sharp curves on embankments; unprotected embankments; narrow bridges; sharp unbanked curves; slippery road surfaces; steep grades; narrow road surfaces; steep crowns; sharp curves at bridge and

underpass approaches; grade crossings. The list was drawn up in order that roads that are to be built with federal aid can be made as safe as possible and of course does not take into account the more important causes of accidents—careless driving, drunken driving and excessive speeding. Building "safe" roads is a good deal easier than persuading drivers to use them intelligently.

A NEW BRITISH PARLIAMENT

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, being no inept politician, chose to bring about a dissolution of Parliament upon an issue of comparative unimportance. When he took office last May it was obvious that the first Labor government could not be long-lived. The Labor party was not even the largest group in the House of Commons. Mr. MacDonald could remain premier only so long as a majority of the Liberals gave him a half-hearted support. A little while ago it became apparent that the Liberals would not vote to ratify Mr. MacDonald's treaty with Soviet Russia. The moment of defeat could not be long delayed. The Premier did not like the idea of going to the voters on the issue of that treaty, which, being neither fish nor fowl nor good red herring, is not really popular with anyone except the Communist wing of the Labor party. So he made an issue of a resolution recently offered in the house requiring that a committee investigate the Attorney-General's motives in stopping an action for sedition against the editor of a Communist newspaper. The resolution was passed, and the Premier asked for a dissolution of Parliament and a new election.

The actual question on which the Labor ministry accepted defeat was of minor consequence, and little was heard of it during the brief electoral campaign. The voters were asked to vote for or against the ministry on its general conduct of the national business. On that ground the Labor party was in a stronger position than its opponents hoped to find it. Mr. MacDonald has made a dignified and capable premier. Mr. Snowden's financial budget was highly praised by many eminent men outside the Labor party. The Labor leaders have shown a degree of moderation that has lulled the apprehensions of those who feared all sorts of revolutionary measures and proposals. Finally Mr. MacDonald has repaired the weakening entente with France and aided in bringing about a settlement of the troublesome reparations problem that at the moment seems extremely hopeful.

We write before the election has taken place and do not know how successful Mr. MacDonald will be with the voters. The probabilities are that Labor will gain a number of seats and be more powerful in the new Parliament than it was in the one just dissolved. At the same time it does not seem likely that any party will win an actual majority. That cannot happen unless the Liberal party collapses over night, as it were. It grows weaker with every election but it still has some vitality left. Whom the King will summon to Buckingham Palace when the votes are counted and ask to form a government we cannot predict, but probably the ministry—whichever forms it—will be a coalition made up of members of two parties; otherwise, like the MacDonald cabinet, it can exist only by the sufferance of one of two opposition groups.

WHO OWNS THE RIVERS?

THE growth of the western half of the United States will depend largely on the use that it makes of its rivers. Power and irrigation are two vital elements in determining how many people the West can support and how well it can support them; both must come from its great rivers. Engineers have studied the Missouri, the Yellowstone, the Platte, the Arkansas, the Rio Grande, the Colorado, the San Joaquin, the Sacramento, the Columbia, the Snake and all their tributaries to determine how they can best be used. The Colorado alone, it is estimated, will supply 787,500 kilowatts below the junction of the Grand and the Green, to say nothing of the possibilities higher up, and that too without interfering much with the use of the water for irrigation.

But one perplexing question must be settled before comprehensive plans can be made for the full use of any of those rivers; that is, how to distribute the power and the water among the various states that the rivers drain or through which they flow. The Colorado and its tributaries drain in whole or in

part Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona and California. Each state has a just claim to some water. What shall be the basis of distribution? It is certain that none will satisfy all the states.

There are at least four possible bases of distribution.

1. Each state shall have the quantity of water that it furnishes. The rains and melting snows, feeding the springs and rivulets that make up the total volume of water, fall in different proportions in different states. Why, it may be asked, should a mountain state that has a heavy rain and snow fall furnish water to a state that supplies none or little itself?

2. Each state shall have an amount of water proportionate to the area that the river and its tributaries drain, regardless of the amount of water that the rain and snow fall of that state contribute.

3. Prior use shall determine the quantity of water that goes to each state. If one state shows more enterprise than another and develops its system of irrigation first, that establishes its right to water. When all the water is in use no more irrigation schemes shall be permitted.

4. Ignore state boundaries altogether and look at the question from the point of view of the nation as a whole. Let the water go where it will yield the largest or most valuable product. Why should one state be permitted to irrigate poor soil when the same water could be used on better soil in another state where it would produce more and therefore support more people and support them better?

It will be hard to decide on any one of those four bases, but it is important that some decision be made, for otherwise there is danger that the states with the largest number of voters or the most aggressive representatives will get most of the water.

EARLY ADVANTAGES

PROBABLY in nine out of ten American homes the parents are giving or are hoping to give their children advantages of education and association that they themselves did not have in their childhood and youth. Throughout the country expensive private schools are flourishing; the increase in the number of college trained boys and girls in the last twenty-five years is out of all proportion to the increase in general prosperity or in population.

If fathers and mothers who are making sacrifices in order that their children may have advantages that they did not enjoy were to be asked, "Why do you do it?" they would probably say, "Because we want our children to have as full and interesting and successful lives as possible." And no doubt nine times out of ten the early advantages that parental love obtains for the child are truly an advantage to the child. There are, however, some children for whom, as subsequent events prove, early adversity would have been kinder than early advantages.

Although no normal parent is going to impose a life of hardship on his child, there is a growing appreciation that it is not good for young people to lead entirely sheltered and shielded lives. For most of them an education in school and college needs to be supplemented with active employment during summer vacations; the boy needs to feel that he is to some degree self-supporting, and the girl needs to feel that she is not merely a family incumbrance. Parents and educators are together finding ways of securing to the child some of the benefits that in other times were usually to be acquired only in the school of hard knocks.

Nevertheless, however widespread higher education becomes, there will occasionally arise instances to confound all theories of education. Those parents who with the utmost will in the world are yet unable to provide their children with opportunities may take comfort in the thought that sometimes, as in the case of Abraham Lincoln, the greatest advantage a human being can have is to have no early advantages at all.

ADAPTING THE RAILWAYS

OWING both to changing traffic conditions, such as the new and growing competition by motor vehicles, and to the opening of new sources of traction power, particularly through hydro-electric plants, our railways are passing through an interesting phase of adaptation to new circumstances.

Before we had any railways there were many projects afoot for making inland

waterways. Most of them have been either abandoned or delayed. Even Cape Cod now gets its coal by rail instead of by water. Nevertheless we shall probably learn sometime that slow, heavy freight, such as grain, ore, coal, lumber, brick, cut stone and other building materials can be moved more economically in barges than in freight cars. In Europe new canals or improvements of the old ones are the order of the day; the power obtained by harnessing the rivers is used to generate electricity. But in hauling fast freight over long distances—meats, live stock, fruit, fresh vegetables and other perishable food stuffs—the railways are still supreme. Orange blossoms for eastern weddings now come from California by aerial mail, but the oranges themselves come by train.

The railways are also holding their own both in the year-round suburban passenger traffic and in the long distance passenger traffic. Although roads in New England are abandoning some branch lines altogether and closing many stations in the rural districts, they have put on new trains between Boston and New York. The winter traffic with Florida and other southern states is growing, and so is the train service between the Atlantic states and Canada.

Likewise in the matter of traction there are new adaptations to local requirements. Where electric power is readily available we shall probably see more electrification, but it will be a long time before the steam locomotive is eliminated altogether. Instead we shall probably have new locomotives better suited to special tasks. A Swedish engineer named Ljungström has invented a new kind of locomotive that may greatly modify steam transportation systems. It is of the turbine type with a special condensing apparatus. The turbine engine makes the running smoother, and the condensing system reduces the consumption of water so much that fewer water tanks are required. The saving in fuel is said to be nearly fifty per cent, and on the first run between Stockholm and Gothenburg the locomotive used only two cubic meters of water, whereas an ordinary engine would have used forty-five. Moreover, the new locomotive covered the entire distance, though usually the locomotive is changed twice. The saving in time is obvious. This camel among locomotives seems specially adapted to arid regions such as India and Argentina—for which trial machines are now building—and for our own South-West.

Sweden is also experimenting with locomotives that burn peat, but, owing to the many waterfalls the future traction power in that country is likely to be electricity.

A SHATTERED AMBITION

THE abdication of King Hussein and his flight from Mecca is an event of the first importance in the Moslem world. It may even lead to consequences of considerable gravity throughout the Near East. The fact of the matter is that Hussein, who emerged from the confusion of the great war a much greater figure than any Arab potentate had been for many centuries, has been overthrown because all the Mohammedans knew that he had been and still was an ally and dependent of Great Britain, and they resented an eminence so won.

When Turkey sided with Germany and Austria in 1915 British diplomacy saw in Hussein a monarch who, if discreetly handled, could prevent the Mohammedan millions from following the lead of the Turkish Caliph, and who could be of help in breaking up the already tottering Turkish Empire. They encouraged him to declare his independence of Constantinople, sent Allenby to help him cut the Turkish armies to pieces in Palestine and recognized him as King of Hedjaz.

At the end of the war Hussein did not perhaps get all he hoped for. Syria was taken by France, Palestine became a British dependency and Mesopotamia went the same way. But he remained King in Arabia, and the friendly British have found thrones for two of his sons; Feisal in Irak, as the lower part of Mesopotamia is called, and Abdullah in the territory beyond the Jordan. They also encouraged him to declare himself Caliph of Islam after the Turkish revolutionaries had dethroned the Sultan.

Disaster has come at the hands of the Wahabi tribesmen, a race of fierce fighters and fanatical Moslems of the most primitive and puritanical sect. They live in the interior of Arabia and like their forefathers are nomads. Somewhat more than a century ago



SURPRISES FOR TWO ON A FINE DAY

By Frances Margaret Fox

ONCE there were two little schoolgirls about seven years old who wished one morning that the day would be dark and rainy. When the clouds rolled away and the sun came out they were so disappointed that they were ready to cry. The teacher noticed how sad the two little girls looked when the sun began to shine so bright that it made the sunbeams dance.

At recess she said to Ruth, "My child, don't you want the sun to shine today?"

"No, if you please," replied Ruth. "I never had a ride alone in a street car in my life, and today my mother gave me a street-car ticket and said, 'If it rains this afternoon when school is out you may come home on the street car.' Our chauffeur can't meet me today as usual, but if the sun shines Aunt Genie is coming for me with her car."

"And you, Peachie," the teacher said, turning to the other little girl, "don't you wish the sun to shine?"

"No, ma'am," answered Peachie. "I never had a ride in an automobile in my life, and since the schoolhouse burned in our ward I have to walk six long blocks and come to school on the street car. My Uncle Ivan is visiting us now, and he has a new automobile; and if it rained so that he couldn't go on a trip, he was going to come and get me."

Because both little girls were disappointed in the weather, they walked away hand in hand, talking. That is how they became acquainted; they had never thought of speaking to each other before.

When school was out they walked together to the policeman's corner, and there they waited in the glorious sunshine for an automobile and a street car. The automobile came first.

"Hop in, Ruth darling," said the prettiest woman that Peachie had ever seen, as the automobile door was opened wide.

"But first, though, Aunt Genie, if you

SEWING AND SOWING

Verse and Drawing by Verna
Grisler McCully

The farmer is sowing, and so do
I sew,
But it isn't the same thing at
all;
The farmer plants seeds while
I lengthen a dress
For my doll who has grown
very tall.



Verses by L. J. Bridgman
Drawing by Reginald Birch

Some ants upon a level plain,
Mound building, worked with might
and main

And raised a hill ten inches high.
Then one of them began to rant
And said with speech extravagant,
"Our mountain reaches to the
sky!"



And lots of people are like
that.
Each thinks the head be-
neath his hat
Is really wiser far than
Moses,
But what he says be-
trays that he
Is one of those who can-
not see
A distance farther than
their noses.

please, this little girl is Peachie and she is just as disappointed as I am."

"What is the trouble?" asked Aunt Genie.

"It is the sunshine," answered Ruth, with a deep sigh. "If it had rained, her Uncle Ivan, who has come visiting, was going to take her home in his new automobile, and Peachie says she has never so much as stepped a foot in an automobile in her life! Aunt Genie, will you take the little girl home and let her have a ride with us?"

"Why, certainly," Aunt Genie answered. "Hop in, Peachie, and tell me where you live?"

Peachie hopped in quickly, but instead of telling where she lived she said she was sorry Ruth was disappointed about her street-car ride.

That made Aunt Genie laugh aloud. "The street car is coming, Ruth," she said, "so you walk over and stand with those other little girls beside the policeman and get in with them and ride all the way to the car barns at the end of the line. I'll meet you there."

Ruth did as she was told, and soon two little girls were traveling down the avenue, one in a street car, the other in an automobile. They both looked as happy as queens in fairy tales. At the car barns Aunt Genie and Peachie were waiting for Ruth.

"Hop in, Ruth darling," said Aunt Genie as she opened wide the door, "and now we shall take Peachie to her home. Did you have a good time?"

"Yes, I thank you," was the answer, "I had a delightful drive. It was such a surprise!" Ruth smiled and smiled and smiled.

When Peachie climbed out of the car at her home Aunt Genie said, "And did you have a good time?"

"Yes, I thank you," answered Peachie, "I had a delightful drive, and it was such a

surprise!" Then Peachie smiled and smiled and smiled.

Ever after that those two little girls smiled when they met on the steps at school and said, one to the other, "Good morning!"

SPEAKING OF LAZINESS

By Elizabeth Thornton Turner

IT never entered Fat Dog's head to lie anywhere except right at the bottom of the front steps. People simply had to walk over him, that was all. He would have

LILYPAD CIRCUS

By Arthur Guiterman

The Minnows and Tadpoles are
eagerly bound
For Lilypad Circus, the Great and
Renowned,
Where Hercules Frog,
The Pride of the Bog,
Will lift up a Turtle who weighs
a whole pound!

At Lilypad Circus, the Gorgeous
and Grand,
The Ringmaster Trout with his hat
in his hand
Will open the show,
Which is, as you know,
The Best in the Water if not in the Land!

thought it too much trouble to find another place; besides, from that spot he could see the whole front yard without even turning his head.

One autumn morning he lay there blinking and listening to the wild barking of his neighbor, Rouser, who was chasing a rabbit. Presently he got up slowly.

"Well," he said, scowling, "I'm not going to lie here any longer watching and listening to laziness. I will go and talk to old Backbone."

Every one liked Backbone, the old house cat; she was wise and kind.

Fat Dog found her out by the woodshed earnestly watching a rat hole. "Well, I am glad to see somebody busy," he remarked, "for of all the lazy goings-on out there in front—"

Backbone jerked her tail nervously, and her whiskers quivered.

"Of all the lazy goings-on," Fat Dog repeated.

Backbone gave a patient sigh and sat upright. "There, I suppose you've scared him away," she said. "Who's lazy?"

"Everyone out there in the front yard," was the reply.

Backbone turned her eye wistfully on the rat hole. "But who?" she asked.

"Well," said Fat Dog slowly, "that woodpecker for one. He has some kind of a foolish drum fixed up on a tree, and this whole morning he has done nothing but pound on it. He'd much better be at work."

After thinking solemnly for a while old Backbone asked, "Who else is lazy?"

"Oh, all of them," replied Fat Dog. "Take those nonsensical bees. This blessed morning they've flown round humming tunes and smelling flowers; I couldn't even take my nap."

Backbone blinked. "They must have been noisy indeed to keep you awake, Fat Dog," she said. "Well, and who else?"

Fat Dog was beginning to feel cross with his friend. "All of them, I tell you," he snapped. "That hen in the box in the shed has sat perfectly still on her nest for days without moving a feather. You'd think she might find some work to do, wouldn't you, now?"

"Well, at least she didn't keep you awake," was the answer.

"Yes, she did; she made me nervous. Then the squirrels with their silly chatter, running up and down tree trunks and switching their tails. I never saw the like."

Old Backbone mused again. "Did the ants bother you?" she inquired at last.

"They most certainly did," Fat Dog replied. "One of them had the impertinence to crawl over my nose. They were having some sort of parade; a lot of them marching in a long line—and on a hot day like this too!"

Old Backbone got up suddenly and looked toward her rat hole; then she looked back.

"Fat Dog," she said mildly, "could you meet me and a few others under the big oak at dusk?"



Fat Dog looked sulky. "Maybe I can," he said, "if I'm not feeling too tired by that time, Backbone."

He waddled slowly back to his place by the steps.

That evening at dusk he strolled out to the big oak. Old Backbone was seated gravely under the tree. A number of squirrels were with her, and the woodpecker and the hen that had caused Fat Dog so much worry were perched just above. A few bees buzzed round and a company of ants had assembled on a hummock near by.

"Well, well," said the newcomer to himself, "all of our lazy friends seem to be out this evening." Aloud he said, "How do you do?"

The others all answered politely and then began to talk about the weather and the crops. An old gray squirrel remarked that the nut crop was pretty good that year.

"By the way," said Backbone, "the children had a nutting party yesterday and had luncheon in the woods. Did any of you go down afterward and look for scraps and crumbs?"

Fat Dog remarked to himself that they were doubtless all too lazy to go anywhere.

The woodpecker spoke up. "I was so busy getting a meal from the limb of that old dead birch that I didn't even know the party was going on."

"How about you, Mrs. Hen?" Backbone inquired.

"I couldn't leave my eggs," the hen answered softly.

Fat Dog began to fidget a little.

"We squirrels didn't go down," the old gray squirrel explained. "We couldn't stop gathering nuts for ourselves, you see. Business is business."

"Yes, yes," all the ants joined in together. "Business is business; work is work. Who knows, we might have left our jobs to go down to the wood and then have found nothing."

Fat Dog pricked up his ears. "Couldn't you have put off your parade for a little while?" he asked sharply.

"Parade? Parade?" echoed the ants. They began to scramble round in much excitement.

Fat Dog looked at Backbone with a grin. "Didn't I tell you they were parading all the morning?" he said.

At that a sturdy young ant spoke up with dignity. "We were in line carrying our winter provisions to our storehouse," he explained.

"Oh!" said Fat Dog in a weak voice. He had begun to feel rather foolish.

Then the bees lost their patience with the meddlesome old dog; they all began to talk at the same time. One big brown fellow flew close to Fat Dog's ear and buzzed loudly into it, "We bees were busy too. We were gathering and storing honey. Sssss-eeee-eeeeeee!"

"Oh, stop, stop, stop!" whined Fat Dog. He was so ashamed of himself by that time that he got up and hurried off with his tail between his legs.

"Well, well," he panted as he reached the steps again, "they weren't so lazy after all!" He turned round three times and sniffed. "Maybe I'm the lazy one," he said.

THE GOLDEN-WEDDING GIFT

By J. Lillian Vandevere

THE three little Grahams sat on the steps by the kitchen door and thought. There was much to think about. Their best beloved grandpa and grandma Graham had been married fifty years, and there was to be a golden wedding. Grandpa and grandma would wear the funny old-time clothes that they had been married in so many years ago, and all their children would be there: Aunt Louise, Uncle Dick, Uncle John and father. The grandchildren would be there too: the cousins from Center City and Springfield and even from New York.

To a golden wedding you must take a present made of gold, and that was why the three Grahams sat so quiet on the steps. Between them they had very little money.

In a tiny box lined with white satin was a gold pin for grandma. In the centre of the pin was a small purple stone just the shade of the pansies in grandma's garden. In a narrow box was a gold penknife to hang on grandpa's watch chain. It had two blades as bright and twinkly as grandpa's eyes. But those presents were not for the children, but for mother and father to take, and you

simply couldn't go to a golden wedding without taking a gift.

The cousins from Springfield and Center City and New York would bring beautiful things. They had motors and chauffeurs and went to private schools, but father taught school himself.

On the top step beside the Graham children lay two dimes. One was Ralph's and one was Dan's. Alice had a little pile of money in her hand and was counting it.

"Forty-five, fifty, sixty, seventy, seventy-five, eighty. Eighty and twenty is a dollar. Boys, there's not a single gold present that we can get for a dollar. What can we do?"

Ralph was ten years old, and so he frowned and thought hard. Dan was seven, and so he only stared into the lilac bush and wished that money grew there.

"We can't go to the wedding without a gift; we've had too many good times at grandma's, and we love her and grandpa too dearly," Alice sighed and handed the dimes back to the boys. "I know it's all you have, but it won't do." She sighed again and picked up her school books. One of them fell out of her hand and went bumping down the steps. A paper tumbled out of it and was blown across the yard.

"Get it, Dan!" called Alice. "It's my new receipt from the cooking class."

Dan caught the paper and brought it back. Alice was tucking it into the book again when she stopped and unfolded it.

"Boys, I've an idea!" she cried suddenly. "I'll give mother my money to pay for the things and make—" she leaned over and whispered in each brother's ear.

"Goody!" cried Dan, but Ralph shook his head. "Where do we come in?" he asked.

Alice pointed to the dimes. "You spend those. You go to the fruit-store and Dan to the five-and-ten-cent store. This is what you get." She whispered again, and then the boys hurried away whistling happily.

Alice went to find mother. "I've planned our gift for the golden wedding," she told her. "We all help buy it, and all help make it." When mother heard the plan she took Alice's money and said the kitchen was hers to use till supper time.

Then how Alice flew! First into a big apron and then out to the kitchen with the precious receipt. When the boys came back, she set them both to work.

"It will be the only made present at the wedding," decided Ralph.

"Aren't they pretty?" asked Dan, opening a small parcel.

No one else knew what went on in that kitchen. When mother came out to get supper everything was just as it had been before except that there was a big pan turned upside down in the pantry.

"Please don't lift that pan!" begged Alice, and mother promised.

The next evening was the golden wedding. Mother and father and the three little Grahams started early because grandma and grandpa lived a way out on the edge of town.

Alice carried a big white box very carefully. "I'm glad my best dress is yellow," she told herself and looked down at her new yellow stockings. They were just right for a golden wedding.

When the Grahams reached grandma's house Alice hurried out to the kitchen and hid the white box. There was a beautiful supper, and then the uncles and aunts and cousins gave their gifts. One cousin had a gold thimble for grandma and a gold pencil for grandpa. Dan and Ralph opened their eyes wide and looked at Alice. Alice smiled back at them happily. Her cheeks were very pink.

Then mother and father gave their gifts. Grandma put the pin in the soft lace at her throat, and grandpa fastened the knife to his watch chain. Their eyes shone as they smiled at mother and father. Then mother looked at Alice, and Alice slipped away to the kitchen.

She came back slowly, carefully carrying something in her two hands. The cousins who had brought the thimble and the pencil said "Oh!" and stood very still. Straight up to grandma and grandpa went Alice.

"We thought you'd like something that we all helped to make, the boys and I; so here's our golden-wedding gift. Ralph bought the oranges and squeezed and grated them, and Dan bought the candles and put them on. I made the cake."

She raised her hands so that every one could see, and in them she held a cake, a glowing yellow cake, with thick yellow icing, and on top "50" made of tiny yellow candles, all alight.

"It's a gold cake," said Dan, "for your golden wedding."

If you want to know animals, read

ANIMAL LAND

By WILLARD ALLEN COLCORD

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FRIENDSHIP IS A TREE

By Marion Couthouy Smith



Love is the rose; but Friendship is a tree
With roots in the deep soil securely laid
And warm green chambers built of sun and shade
For shield or temple, each in its degree.
The rose herself in vital ecstasy,
In delicate glory fashioned and arrayed,
Without that fostering shadow soon would fade,
And all we dreamed of love would cease to be.

This is Love's home; the elemental bond
That holds us soul to soul day unto day.
When all of earth beside has failed to stay
Friendship still listens for the song beyond
That gives the keynote of Eternity—
Calm winds that move the boughs unendingly.

THE UNWELCOMED NURSE

MRS. VINCENT was in a desperate case. She was a young wife, a mother with a baby, and her husband was sick with typhoid fever on their Indian mission four hundred miles into the wilderness. Fever had also stricken the inmates at the trading post three miles away, and she could expect no help from there. The only other people near by were Indians, and they feared to approach the fever-stricken house.

Among them was Mamoose, a medicine man of evil reputation, who had shown his antagonism to the missionary in no uncertain manner. Now, however, in her deepest need Mamoose came and offered his services to the missionary's wife. At first she shrank from him.

The shrewd Mamoose read her thoughts. "He be all right," he said. "Your man, he get good care."

"Will you do just what I tell you?" asked Mrs. Vincent in desperation, for the crisis in the fever was approaching.

"Ah-ha," said the Indian. "Just what you say, Mamoose watch him good."

Whatever else Mamoose was, he was clean and neat, and moreover he respected the wishes of the missionary's wife and served her with meticulous faithfulness. In the terrible days that followed Mrs. Vincent wondered at the Indian's care, patience and fidelity. There seemed to be no limit to his attention, his kindness and his endurance. He was at the sick man's side day and night. When the crisis was past and the missionary was regaining his strength Mamoose quietly returned to his wigwam.

After Mr. Vincent's first service in the mission church since his illness Mamoose approached him. "Join your church, me, Mamoose," said he, dramatically pointing to his breast and then to the church.

The missionary was astounded. "I know what we owe you, Mamoose," he said gratefully, "but you have always opposed my teaching. How comes it you wish to join now?"

"Me help little; you help Mamoose much," said the Indian. "Mamoose, pagan, dark-minded as you say, stubborn, proud. He say white man's religion good for white man—good for the bright day. Now I go see what he do when he sick. Mamoose see. He hear you in all your wild talk. All good. He see you and the little Ookemasquo—the missionary's wife—in the dark days. All good. Mamoose want your God to help him, sick or well. Me join now, and you pray God Mamoose be good Christian man."

It was with great joy that the missionary and his wife received Mamoose into the fold. In the years that followed his faith and sincerity were matched only by his zeal for service and for knowledge.

A BIT OF EXAGGERATION

THERE was Trix, with her hair flying, her tie under one ear, a mile of blue silk underskirt trailing under her skirt, and there was Madame Chantelle and her distinguished guest! You never saw such a picture in your life!

"But if her skirt really trailed like that, how could she run?" Mollie inquired, round-eyed.

"Poetic license, Molliekins. When Elsa is telling a story her dramatic spirit is in the saddle and rides the world," Don explained. Elsa pouted, but good-humoredly; the sweetness of her spirit never failed even when she was laughed at.

"Well, anyway her hair was whipping into her eyes, and her tie was loose; and if her skirt wasn't trailing, I know I saw a bit of skirt-binding or something."

"I call it telling lies," Aunt Nancy declared decidedly.

Elsa's cheeks flamed. "O Aunt Nancy!" she protested; there were even tears in her eyes as she went upstairs. Aunt Nancy was so uncomfortable; as if everyone didn't understand!

It was a day or two later that Martha Pomeroy stopped Elsa on the street; Martha's eyes were shining, and her voice was full of a joy that made her almost breathless.

"Elsa, Mrs. Seabury has invited me to her musicale next Friday night!"

Elsa's quick sympathy flamed in response; she knew the treat it would be to Martha.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she cried. "You'll enjoy it so, Martha. The house alone is a treat without the music, and such dresses you never dreamed of! You'll feel as if you were in some old fairy tale."

Martha looked startled, and the light in her eyes faded.

"Does everyone dress so—full evening dress, I mean?"

"I should say so," Elsa cried blithely. "Brocades, laces, velvets, jewels! Your eyes will be put out with the dazzle, Martha Pomeroy! It's grand opera for this town! My, it's fine you're going!"

But when Friday night came Martha was not at the musicale; she was sobbing quietly—so that her mother should not guess—up in her room. Her eyes showed it when Elsa ran in the next morning.

"Oh, were you sick?" Elsa cried. "What a pity! You never heard such music in your life."

"I wasn't sick," Martha said simply. "I had no evening gown. You said everyone wore them."

"Why, of course not everyone," Elsa stammered. "Lots of people in town never do, you know. Martha! I never dreamed—O Martha!"

And Elsa, looking into Martha's hurt eyes, had learned her lesson at last.

THE INTERVIEW

THE resourceful newspaper reporter will never admit himself beaten. If his man won't talk, he must be made to talk—in print at least. Punch thus describes the way the thing is done:

The reporter from the Daily Wire came down the back garden between the washing line and the gooseberry bushes. "You were in the motor coach that collided with another at the foot of Vender Hill?"

The young man who was mending a puncture in the back tire of a bicycle stood up. "That's right," he said.

"You were among those who escaped with bruises?"

"That's right."

"You actually saw the other coach burst into flames before it fell over the bridge into the river?"

"That's right."

The reporter, who was young and hopeful, produced a notebook. "Could you give me your impressions of what occurred?"

Silence.

The reporter tried another leading question. "You assisted in rescuing the survivors?"

"That's right."

"It was towards five o'clock, wasn't it?"

"That's right," replied the other and added with a sudden burst of eloquence, "Getting on for tea time."

The reporter closed his notebook. "Thank you very much," he said.

Extract from the Daily Wire of the following day:

THE VENDER HILL TRAGEDY

VIVID DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENE BY ONE OF THE PASSENGERS ON THE GREEN COACH

"It was a glorious evening," Mr. William Blow, an engine fitter, of 32, Laburnum Villas, Balham, told our correspondent, "and I was just admiring the glow of the setting sun across the peaceful valley of the Vender when the ill-fated blue coach appeared round the curve. I realised instantly that the driver had lost control. My heart seemed to miss a beat, but I kept cool; and so, I believe, did my fellow passengers. It was a tensely dramatic moment, as you may suppose, and I sincerely hope I shall never experience such another. With the crash I thought my last moment had come, but as a matter of fact I got off with a few bruises. I shall never forget seeing a pillar of fire going up from the other coach. It was a magnificent and awe-inspiring spectacle. Then a crash of falling masonry as the wall of the bridge gave way under the terrific impact, and the doomed vehicle fell down, down, down into the sullen waters beneath."

The next-door neighbor left his rabbits and came to speak to Mrs. Blow over the wall. "I see your 'usband's given the Daily Wire a first-hand account."

"E told 'em what 'e could," said Mrs. Blow, "but 'e says they've left out a good bit." She raised her voice. "They didn't put in all you said, did they, Bill?"

"That's right," said Mr. Blow.

ANOTHER YARN OF THE MARIE CELESTE

A READER of The Companion who was much interested in the article we recently published containing a plausible theory to account for the strange case of the brig Marie Celeste has sent us a curious explanation of the mystery that was printed some eleven years ago in the Strand Magazine. The Marie Celeste, our readers will remember, was found abandoned at sea near the Strait of Gibraltar. All sails were set; the brig was in perfect condition aloft and aloft; there were no signs of mutiny, and, except the ship's chronometer and papers, some sails and gear, nothing was missing—not even a boat.

The story in the Strand purported to be written by one Abel Fosdyk, who was a sort of steward on the Marie Celeste and, as he declared, the only survivor. The manuscript was found after his death in a box of papers that he had commended to the care of his last employer, an English schoolmaster named Linford. It is too long to print here, but may be thus abbreviated:

The captain of the ship, whose name Fosdyk gives as Briggs, though it elsewhere appears as Griggs, had become mentally unbalanced after the brig left New York and began to behave strangely. One day in late November he got into a heated argument with the mate on the question whether a man could swim with all his clothes on. In the end the captain declared he would swim round the brig entirely clothed, and, though his wife and the mate tried hard to dissuade him, he insisted on entering the water. Before doing so he asked a sailor to bring him his watch, and the sailor, misunderstanding him, brought forward the chronometer, of which Mrs. Briggs took charge. At the request of the captain's wife two members of the crew undressed and accompanied the captain on his swim to give aid if it were needed.

The rest of the ship's company took up their position on a sort of railed platform that had been rigged up forward near the bowsprit for the captain's little girl to sit on; she was fond of looking out to sea from that elevated station as the ship sailed on its way. The platform was called "baby's quarter-deck."

The captain swam from bow to stern without any trouble and rounded the stern. As he began to come up on the port side a shout arose, for a shark's fin had appeared cutting the water in the direction of the captain. Everyone rushed to the port side of the ship, the lashings of the "quarter deck" broke under the weight, and the platform with everyone on it slid into the sea.

Fosdyk's account from that point is confused. He does not know whether the others were drowned or attacked by sharks. He finally made his way to the floating platform and dragged himself upon it. One other man did the same, but he had been so injured in the accident that he soon died. Fosdyk floated round for several days, lost consciousness, and finally found himself alive on the African coast, having somehow been rescued by some black men in their little boat. He got back to Marseilles in a coasting vessel, was long sick in the hospital and finally made his way back to England.

The story is interesting as being vouched for by a man of standing, the principal of the school named Peterborough Lodge; but he of course only knows that Fosdyk wrote the story and left it in his box. Whether it is an authentic account of an actual adventure he does not know. But it may well be asked why Fosdyk wrote his yarn down so carefully, yet never told anyone that he was a survivor of the Marie Celeste and never did anything while he lived to clear up what was already a well-known maritime mystery. At least his narrative is ingenious and plausible and full of veracious detail up to the point where the catastrophe occurred, though not so convincing thereafter. Is it true, we wonder?

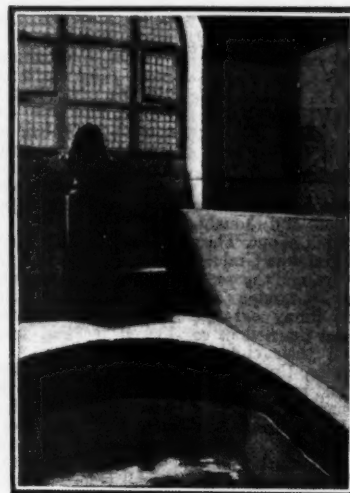
A ROMAN BATH IN LONDON

LONDON is a city of contrasts. At every turn of its winding streets you may see old houses or courtyards, dim and musty with

the traditions of ancient days, flanked by modern office buildings and echoing the roar of ceaseless traffic. Few, however, of the thousands who daily pass along the great highways of the city—so we learn from the London Graphic—know of the existence of the Roman spring bath that lies down Strand Lane just round the corner from the busiest thoroughfare.

The bath is thirteen feet long and six feet broad, and the water is maintained at a uniform depth of four feet six inches. Its supply is from a perpetual spring, and its daily flow is estimated at twenty-six hundred gallons. So gentle is the flow that, in the photograph we reproduce, in spite of the long exposure needed to take it, there is little if any movement apparent; indeed, the water is so clear and untroubled that the bath looks as if it were quite empty.

The spring is believed to be the outflowing of the once-miraculous well of St. Clement, which in course of time gave its name to Holywell Street of equal fame, though both have now been swept away. The bath undoubtedly bears many evidences of Roman construction and is



A well-preserved relic of the Roman occupation of Britain

variously estimated as dating back to the days of Vespasian—roughly two thousand years ago.

It may be mentioned that the insignificant and somewhat obscure alley in which the bath is situated is itself of historical interest as a memento of a Strand bridge that used to exist on the spot and that was one of three tiny bridges built to enable pedestrians to walk dry-shod over rivulets that at one time tumbled noisily down to the river.

IS GLASS POROUS?

WE are accustomed to think that glass is as impervious to water as a sheet of iron. Generally speaking, perhaps it is, but in certain circumstances it is not impervious at all. In an article in the American Magazine Dr. C. H. Townsend, director of the New York Aquarium, is quoted as saying:

In making deep-sea hauls to obtain specimens from the bottom we use large bag-shaped nets with iron-framed mouths in order to sink the net and keep it open. The upper part of the net has a float attached to it. One great difficulty was to find floats that would withstand deep-sea pressure.

You may have seen the small wooden floats that fishermen often use on their nets. But if wood is lowered to a great depth, all the little cells in it are crushed and fill with water; the wood becomes water-logged and loses its buoyancy. Cork fares quite as badly at any considerable depth.

An empty bottle, tightly corked, will not sink. But if you weight it and lower it to a great depth, one of two things will happen: either the cork will be forced into the bottle or else the bottle will be crushed. If you fill the bottle with water and cork it tight before lowering it, you will find it full of salt water when you draw it up. The pressure has forced the salt water in through the cork and even through the glass itself!

That may seem almost incredible, but it has been proved. We finally used as floats hollow spheres of glass. They were made specially for that purpose of the finest glass about half an inch thick. Because of their spherical form the pressure of the water was so distributed that they were not crushed. But occasionally one of the globes came up with a little sea water inside it! There must have been some microscopic imperfection in the glass, and through it the water was driven. Yet we could not discover any hole, no matter how minute. A few of those floats are in the laboratory of the Albatross, and although years have gone by since the water got into them it never has got out.

THE EXACT TRUTH

IN a volume entitled Literary Values John Burroughs protests against the sentimental extravagance that characterized English and American writing at the opening of the twentieth century. Burroughs writes:

"A man does not live out half his days without a certain simplicity of life. Excesses, irregularities and violence kill him. It is the same with books; they too are under the same law; they hold the gift of life on the same terms. Only an honest book can live; only absolute sincerity can stand the test of time."

Mr. Bliss Perry in the Praise of Folly gives the following instance of Burroughs's meticulous effort to tell the exact truth: "Uncle John's" entertaining article on Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt relates that Roosevelt in his ranching days had knocked down a half-drunk ruffian. "I fetched him as heavy a blow under the ear as I could strike," Burroughs reported the President as saying. But when the manuscript came back from the White House, where it had been submitted for verification, the words "under the ear" were blue-penciled out of the copy, and "on the chin point" was written in in the President's firmest handwriting. Two sentences later the President struck out the inexpressive words, "We soon bound him and turned him over to the constable," and substituted for them the far more exact and vivid phrase, "We hog-tied him and

put him in an out-house."

QUEER POINTS AT LAW

LAWS to fit almost any sort of crime can be passed, but occasionally a curious and abnormal case will present itself that puts the lawyers to scratching their heads to know

whether a crime has really been committed.

A fruit grower named Chapman, who lives in western New York, was recently motoring to market when he saved one Frank Akey from drowning in a creek by the roadside. Akey, when pulled out of the water, says the New York Herald, soon revived and seemed little the worse for his experience. Chapman proceeded to Brookport. When he had concluded his business he returned home by the same route by which he had come. A man lurched suddenly into the roadway, and Chapman's car struck him. The man proved to be none other than Akey, whose life Chapman had saved a few hours before. The injured man was taken to the county hospital, where he died.

Akey's administrator will now sue Chapman for damages. What will a jury do with such a case? Chapman may soliloquize: "Had I kept my clothes dry and let the man drown I would not now be sued." But the retort legal is that the fact that one man saves another man's life does not give the rescuer any extraordinary rights or immunities in respect to the man whose life he has saved.

Would a jury of ordinary laymen consider the rescue in mitigation of damages or for any other purpose? This is an interesting question. There is no decision precisely in point, but in an early volume of the Pennsylvania Reports (1814) Judge Brackenridge of the supreme court of that state referred to a case on which he said he had happened in some of his searches for ancient precedents. These are the facts:

A person passing by a pool missed his footing and slipped in. He was over his depth, and the bank was steep. A shepherd, observing him from a height, hastened to his assistance and, entangling his crook in the garments of the drowning man, drew him out. But in doing so he hurt the eye of the stranger in the pool, and the injury afterward occasioned loss of sight in that eye. The stranger brought his suit for damages, asserting it to be a principle of our law, derived from the civil, that even voluntary service without reward, if unskillfully performed, may partake of the nature of injury and require damages.

The court decided—thus related Judge Brackenridge—"that the plaintiff should have his election to go back to the same pool and put himself in the same place, and after having struggled awhile and being half drowned, if he could get out of himself and without help, he might come back and prosecute his action. This the plaintiff declined and was nonsuited."

The case is interesting for its originality and quaintness. In the present state of our law no basis for such a judgment could be found.

TAMED FISH

THERE are many stories of fishes that have been tamed so that they knew the voice of a keeper and would come to him for food, either at his call or at the ringing of a bell. In European monasteries where fishes are kept in ponds for the table of the monks they know the signal or the voice of the keeper and when they hear it come up to be fed.

Walton quotes a fish story by Pliny: "Antonia, the wife of Drusus, had a lamprey at whose gills she hung jewels, or earrings; and others have shed tears at the death of fishes which they have kept and loved." Walton also quotes from the Epigrams of Martial:

"Angler, wouldst thou be guiltless? then forbear.

For these are sacred fishes that swim here: Who know their sovereign, and will lick his hand.

Than which none's greater in the world's command:

Nay more, they've names; and when they called are

Do to their several owners' call repair."

The stories of tame fishes that have come for feed at the call or other signal of a keeper generally refer to fresh-water fishes that have lived all their lives in a pond, and that therefore have been accustomed to being fed from infancy. But it seems that all fishes, even sea fishes, can easily be taught to recognize a signal from a keeper.

At Logan in Wigtownshire, Scotland, sea fishes are regularly fed in a pond, the waters of which have access to the sea. It is known as the "fish pond of Logan," and visitors to the town are taken to it and have an opportunity of seeing for themselves how codfishes, haddock, mackerel and other sea fishes will answer a signal and gather to be fed.

The keeper of the pond lives in a cottage close by. He takes his stand on the rocks close to the water with a pan of shellfish or other food and begins to whistle a shrill note. Immediately the water becomes stirred into foam by the gathering fishes. The keeper throws in a handful of feed, and cod, haddock and mackerel thrust their heads out of the water in their eagerness for their dinners.

The pond is very ancient. It is said that it was constructed deep in the rocks by the side of the sea by an ancestor of the present Laird of Logan some seven generations or so back in the Laird's family. The pond was not built simply as a place for tame sea fishes, but because at intervals the sea is so rough that fishing boats cannot make their usual trips for fish out of the harbor. A supply of fish is kept in the pond, which at times of stormy weather is netted for the table of the Laird.

The keeper says that it takes nearly a year for new fishes that have been liberated in the pond to know his whistle and come to be fed. But only a few of the denizens of the pond are ever netted out. Many of the fishes have lived for years in the pond. It is said that one, well-known by the keeper, has been in the pond for twenty-five years.

HOW THE MEXICANS REFINES SILVER

THE "dobie," or Mexican silver dollar, is the purest specie in the world. And the method of extracting pure silver from crude ore is one of the most interesting things to be seen in Mexico.

Strictly speaking, there are three processes by which the silver is refined. The first is the latest scientific method, practiced the world over; the two others are the primitive methods used in the remote mountain districts of Mexico where the cost of transporting modern machinery would be prohibitive. By these two primitive processes hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of silver is refined every year. They are the *barrica*, which means barrel, and the *patio*, which means stone-paved courtyard.

In the barrel process the ore is taken to a stamping mill; two beams attached to a vertical wheel in a stone hopper work up and down as the wheel revolves. The ore is crushed into coarse powder, and the powder is pulverized. Then it is heated in blast ovens till the base metals are charged with oxygen. After that the ore is placed in great *barricas* and mixed with quicksilver, which will not mix with the charged base metals. For several days the barrels are rolled continuously so that the mercury may mix thoroughly with the ore and form an amalgam. The mass is then poured into wide, shallow troughs, where the scoria—dross—are washed away. The amalgam is then placed in big, strong leather bags with stout bottoms, through which the unabsorbed mercury strains. The amalgam, which resembles lard, is cut into blocks, which are put under great retorts, to which fire is applied. The mercury changes into vapor and is driven through a hole in the retort into water, which condenses it. The pure silver remains in the retort.

In the *patio* process a square space is paved with closely fitting stone slabs. At a little distance stand a succession of tubs of carved basalt. In the centre of each tub is an upright beam in a socket, secured at the upper end. From it project four arms to which are attached ropes fastened to blocks of basalt lying in the tub. A mule revolves the beam, which drags the heavy stones round the bottom of the tub. Into the tub is poured the stamped ore mixed with water, and the ore is ground till it is a semiliquid paste. When it is ready the paste is carried to the *patio*. Each lot is called a *torta*, or cake, and weighs approximately forty thousand pounds. Over the *torta* several hundred pounds of salt are spread, over which in turn is laid a coating of sulphate of copper. Then a number of mules are driven into the *torta*; their hoofs trample and mix the mass, which men turn over and over with shovels. After a day of continual trampling and turning about seven hundred and fifty pounds of quicksilver are added; then the trampling recommences.

The work continues steadily from three to six weeks, according to the quality of the ore. The tester, or *probador*, who is the most important man at the refinery, decides when the mercury and silver have been thoroughly amalgamated. Then the *torta* is taken to great washing machines, where the scoria of base metal ore are washed from the amalgam. The amalgam is placed in a furnace, and lime is mixed with it. Oxide of lead is added, and the whole lot is heated till the oxide is burned and the lead mixed with the silver. The oxygen fuses with the base metals in the scoria, which are thrown out of the bottom of the furnace. The molten lead and silver are then placed in an oven with a revolving bottom, into which fierce jets of flame are shot till the lead is oxidized. The silver, now ready for the mint, is moulded into sixty-pound ingots; in that form it is ready for transportation, two ingots each on the pack saddles of burros, to the nearest railway.

In a country where labor is dearer than in Mexico the *patio* process would be out of the question; it requires too much time and too many hands.

AN UNKNOWN EXPLORER

AN incident that occurred in 1890, writes Mr. William Le Queux in *Things I Know*, while I was subeditor of the *Globe* is very curious and has never been before disclosed. Sir H. M. Stanley, the African explorer, had returned after being lost for two years in the Forests of Perpetual Night and was the idol of the hour, lecturing and being fêted everywhere. He had written his monumental work *In Darkest Africa*, which was about to be published.

One warm afternoon I was seated in my office in the Strand when a seafaring man came in and began to tell me a remarkable story of his having deserted from his ship, on board which he had been a stoker, and of his wanderings along the African coast. Then he started to describe what he had seen. Some of it I took down in shorthand, and I still have my notes.

"Well," I said at last, "I admit I know little of West Africa, but I have a friend who has

been there, and he no doubt would like to have a chat with you."

Then I gave him a few shillings, and he promised to return the next afternoon.

I telephoned to Stanley, and he promised to come and interview the fellow, who had given his name as George Harding. The next afternoon Stanley arrived just before three o'clock, and when the man was shown up I introduced him as my friend.

"Oh! You know something about Africa, sir?" Harding said, quite unaware of Stanley's identity.

The great explorer admitted that he knew a little concerning the Congo.

"Ah! That's just where I've been, and up the Aruwimi too. Do you know it?"

"Yes, I do," Stanley replied, evidently much taken aback.

"How funny! I thought I was the only white man who'd been up in those forests," Harding said, and then he began to speak of various tribes and their chiefs and the names of native villages, all of which held Stanley absolutely agape.

I got out the large map of Africa, where there were great blanks showing unexplored country, and with his finger Harding pointed to different spots where native villages were situated and to rivers of which Stanley alone knew the names.

Then Stanley questioned him about certain other tribes and apparently learned much that was of interest to him. The man described the pigmies and gave such details concerning their life that the great explorer sat utterly astounded.

"Do I tell you the truth, sir?" asked the man presently. "I thought I was the only white man who had ever been right up the Aruwimi, but you've evidently been there too."

"Yes, you have certainly told the truth," was Stanley's halting reply. "I confess I am amazed to find that you have been there—evidently before me, from one or two of your remarks. One of those chiefs you knew died nearly a year before I got there and had been succeeded by his brother."

Eventually Stanley gave the fellow a five pound note without revealing his identity and made an appointment to meet him on the following day.

When Harding had gone the famous African explorer, whose name was on everyone's lips, stood staring at me, pale and agast. At first he could not utter a word. "Only fancy, Le Queux, that fellow has done all the journey that I have done—and more! He was alone! He is a greater traveler than I have ever been!"

A few days later *In Darkest Africa* was published, and Stanley's reputation became established throughout the world. But to the day of his death a few years later he befriended the unknown stoker who had been the actual discoverer of the Aruwimi, of the Forests of Perpetual Night and of the pigmies.

WILD BIRDS AND THE IRON DUKE

NO one fears the Duke of Wellington now, not even the birds. In fact they seem rather to like him as he sits grim and silent on his big iron horse at Aldershot. The London Morning Post thus describes the birds' fondness for nesting in the ducal statue:

A pair of jackdaws built among the plumes of the duke's cocked hat this year; starlings have nests in the palm of his left hand, up the right sleeve, under his cloak at the back of the saddle and, would you believe it, in his horse's ear! A pair of wagtails propped their nest inside the stirrup, supported by the boot and the spur.

VIGORNIANS AND OTHERS

THE people of certain cities in England have curious names to describe themselves. Sometimes the name would not in the least suggest to a stranger the city to which it refers. For example a native of Worcester is a Vigornian, and a native of Barnstable is a Barumite. The people of Manchester, Liverpool and Glasgow are described respectively as Mancunians, Liverpudlians and Glaswegians. The natives of Plymouth hesitate between Plym-outhians and Plymouthisians.

GO WEST, YOUNG WOMAN!

IN the course of a lecture on economics, says the Tatler, the lecturer mentioned that in some parts of America the population consisted almost entirely of men. "I can therefore recommend the ladies to emigrate to those districts," he added jocularly.

At that a young lady in the audience rose in high dudgeon and prepared to leave the hall. As she was making rather a noisy exit the lecturer remarked with a smile: "I did not mean, however, that it should be done in such a hurry."

HE'D STAND WITHOUT HITCHING

"DOES your new clerk seem to be a steady fellow?" the customer asked of the proprietor of the drug store.

"Steady?" repeated the proprietor. "I should say he was steady! If he were any steadier, he'd be motionless!"

Keep Musterole on the bath-room shelf

Years ago the old-fashioned mustard plaster was the favorite remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, colds on the chest and sore throat.

It did the work all right, but it was sticky and messy to apply and my how it did burn and blister!

The little white jar of Musterole has taken the place of the stern old mustard plaster.

Keep this soothing ointment on your bathroom shelf and bring it out at the first cough or snuffle, at rheumatism's first warning tingle.

Made from pure oil of mustard, with the blister and sting taken out, Musterole penetrates the skin and goes right down to the seat of the trouble.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

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Musical
Pal of
Mine"



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NUTS TO CRACK

1. A REVERSIBLE STAIRWAY

1 x x 2
x
x
3 x x 4
x
x
5 x x 6
x
x
7 x x 8
x
x
9 x x 10
x
x
11

- 1-2, (11-10)—A measure of land.
- 2-3, (10-9)—Destiny.
- 3-4, (9-8)—To secure a vessel.
- 4-5, (8-7)—A Scotch auction.
- 5-6, (7-6)—Bets in games.
- 6-7, (6-5)—A noose.
- 7-8, (5-4)—Lean.
- 8-9, (4-3)—Space.
- 9-10, (3-2)—Temper of mind.
- 10-11, (2-1)—An opening.

2. FOR AMATEUR PRINTERS

Pronounce the names of the printed signs, and they will make sense.
1. If you are cold at night, put an extra —et on the bed.
2. Fill those vases with flowers and put them on the [] in the hall.
3. The Allies made a desperate — at the German lines.
4. The Romans conquered Britain at an early . of history.

3. AN ENIGMA

I am a proverb composed of fifty-three letters. My whole is a good truth for Americans.
1. My 23, 31, 15 is a human being.
2. My 1, 21, 38 is an article.
3. My 47, 31, 16 is a feline.
4. My 11, 5, 40, 22, 32 is a digit.
5. My 9, 46, 14, 51, 7, 34, 52 is a male relative.
6. My 4, 18, 48, 50 means in a short time.
7. My 2, 3, 12 is more than warm.
8. My 16, 17, 10, 25 has branches.
9. My 33, 28, 35, 20 is most excellent.
10. My 13, 8, 19, 42 is a young horse.
11. My 24, 45, 28, 27, 41 is a utensil for separating coarse particles from fine ones.
12. My 36, 31, 37, 29, 44, 26 is a pendent ornament.
13. My 30, 49, 39 is a mongrel.
14. My 6, 43, 53 asks for what reason.

4. A LUNCHEON OF THE MONTHS

Take a letter from each word and make the name of one of the months in each course.
Soups
Consomme. Vegetable. Celery.
Fried Flounder. Boiled fresh halibut steaks.
Lobster Mayonnaise.
Meats
Roast Turkey. Goose. Hamburger Steak.
Cutlets.
Vegetables
Spinach. Sweet Potatoes. Stewed Tomatoes.
Creamed Cabbage. Creamed Carrots.
Salads
Combination. Chicken. Lettuce. Tomato.
Lobster. Endive. Romaine.
Desserts
Chocolate Pudding. Assorted Pastries. Jelly.

5. MISSING VOWEL BLOCKS

By placing the vowel E at the proper points in the first letter block a sentence can be made. The end of a line does not necessarily mean the end of a word.
Use I in the same way in the second block and make another sentence.

I
S W T M K S T H
R P R S N T S T
H S M R Y S C
N S C L V R L Y
II
H T H M S R W T
H T S T H N S
T C K F R S T D
P N G O T N N K

6. BOOK LOVER'S FRACTIONAL PUZZLE

Add together
1/2 of a pigment
1/4 of an American President
1/8 of a suggestion
1/16 of one of the States
1/32 of a European country
and find the title of a book by Mark Twain.

7. HYDRA-HEADED WORDS

1. I am fortune; change my head and I am a bird; change once more and I am a merry elf.
2. I am a present; change my head and I am to raise; change once more and I am a division.
3. I am a point of direction; change my head and I am immense; change once more and I am rapid.
4. I am a sailor's tale; change my head and I am to sew; change once more and I am to caution.
5. I am an animal; change my head and I am scanty; change again and I am unusual; change once more and I am to venture.

8. HIDDEN GEMS

1. Friend, I am on duty till eight o'clock.
2. Have you read Pictures from Peru by Harold Hamilton?
3. That rabbit has a lop ear. Look at him.
4. Do you see that blind beggar netting in the park?
5. That tramp with the leather bag ate three of our pears.
6. It will be fine seeing old Stonehenge.
7. Can you find St. Elmo on Stone's Map?
8. Did you see me, Ralston, at the railway station?
9. We have lost little Fido. Pa left him in New York.

9. HOMONYMS

I am a heavy lump of iron;
I make delicious meat;
If you don't want to bear my name,
Be careful how you eat.

I am found in a horse's hoof
And on the railroad track,
But I live by the side of a marshy lake.
Have you seen my green back?

Sometimes the flowers grow in me,
Sometimes I'm full of water,
And sometimes children sleep in me,
Each little son and daughter.

Sometimes I'm full of water;
"In health" I sometimes mean;
Sometimes I mean excellently—
Are your wits so keen?

10. CONUNDRUMS

The answer to each of the following questions is the name of a city, and the abbreviation of the name of the state it is in.
1. What city tells her own name?
2. What city is never well?
3. What city should we go to when we are ill?
4. What city would you tell a laundress to do?
5. What city would you tell to cut grass?
6. In what city would you expect to find useful metals?

11. A SLOW GUN

1. A rapid-fire gun was sold on contract to fire regularly at the rate of one shot a second. On the trial it fired fifteen shots at regular intervals in fifteen seconds and was refused. Why?

12. A FENCE ON A HILL

A picket fence is being built across each end of a field a hundred yards wide. The pickets are all six inches apart. How would the number of pickets needed be affected if a high hill intercepted the line across one end?

13. CHARADE

My first goes up and down the world;
It's heard and felt, but never seen.
My second, half the folk on earth
Are, or will be, or once have been.

My whole could hoist my second if
She tumbled into well or pit,
But could not lift my first at all,
No single bucketful of it.

My first's a form of nature's force,
My second is a human being;
My whole on mill or ship or well
Or any farm, you might be seeing.

14. RIDDLE

Oho, two sailors once I knew,
Fair chaps in natty suits of blue.
Whenever they were close together,
In any kind of wind or weather,
They grew so wild I could but fear them,
I scarcely dared to venture near them.
And when the two were not together,
In any kind of wind or weather,
They then became, each curious youth,
As black as ink, and that's the truth!

Home Comfort Bread and Cake CABINET

CONSERVATION of food is a big household item in these days of high prices, and anything which leads to prevent waste and preserve food stuffs is a great economy. For this reason alone—and there are many others—you will find the Home Comfort Bread and Cake Cabinet a decided saving in household expense.

It will preserve the freshness of your batch of bread to the last crumb; it will keep cakes, pies, cookies, and biscuits in an appetizing condition for many days—because it is constructed with a ventilating system that keeps the fresh air circulating through it at all times.

The Home Comfort Cabinet is absolutely dirt-proof, and is readily taken apart for cleaning and sterilizing—it is the most perfect sanitary food cabinet on the market.

The Cabinet offered is 20 inches high, 13½ inches wide, 11 inches deep, and made of high-grade galvanized steel with an aluminum finish, which will neither rust nor corrode. The two shelves can be removed for cleaning—or the whole cabinet can be taken apart and put together in a few minutes.



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THE Cabinet is collapsible and will be sent by express or parcel post, charges to be paid by the receiver. If parcel-post shipment is desired, ask your postmaster how much postage you should send for a 11-lb. package. Shipped either from St. Paul, Minn., or Boston, Mass.

NOTE: The articles offered above are given only to present Companion subscribers to pay for introducing the paper into homes where it has not been taken the past year.

The Youth's Companion
881 Commonwealth Avenue
Boston, Massachusetts

OUR ANNOUNCEMENT

for
1925



Serials of Varied Scene

THE COMPANION will print eight serial stories during 1925. They are notable for variety; each is utterly unlike any one of the others, and the sole quality they have in common is their interest for all readers, whether young or old, man, woman, boy or girl. We name them in the order of their appearance in the paper.

I. COASTS OF PERIL, by *George Allan England*, describes the life of sturdy fishermen and sailors along the hard northern coast from Cape Breton, past Port-aux-Basques to St. Pierre and Miquelon. Bob Graham, the robbed and penniless hero, endures severe hardship and incurs much danger in that romantic region, but he also meets many a charming or striking character such as Arioch Chislett, the fisherman, the devious London Bird and the picturesque crew of the *Blanche Tibbo*.

II. BELOVED ACRES, by *John H. Hamlin*, shifts the scene to northern California. It tells of plucky Beth Craymore's fight to save her dead father's great ranch, in spite of her own discouraged and supine family, not only from financial dangers but from active enemies. Full of dramatic incident, the story is full also of interesting characters — from Merceau, the rival ranchman, and his pretty but spiteful daughter Clotilde to Beth's own delightful grandmother.

III. THE SPLENDID YEAR, by *Arthur Stanwood Pier*, shifts the scene again — this time to a great private school in New England. Sydney Desmond is an athlete to whom

a strained heart forbids his usual pleasures and thwarts his cherished ambitions. How he meets the situation and finds success in fields other than athletic is the theme of a story of school life full of varied incident in which the author's skill in creating vigorous and manly boys is at its highest.

IV. HEARTH FIRES TO CONTENT, by *Gertrude West*, takes the reader again into the Western Country. It is not precisely a serial story, but is rather a series of stories and has for heroine and hero the sweetly patient Sary and the restless old optimist Al, who were such favorites in an earlier series, still remembered, entitled *Four Camp Fires to Bethel*. The new stories have all the power of the earlier tales to make our hearts glow and bring us a fresh belief in human character.

V. LADY CARRUTHERS, by *Katherine M. Harbaugh*, is a tale of rural life in Idaho. A poverty-stricken old woman suddenly appears in the little community of homesteaders and takes possession of an abandoned house. Led by energetic, warm-hearted Sue Harris, the community adopts the old lady and in spite of selfish Silas Swinn, who doesn't approve



An illustration for *Hearth Fires to Content*, a series of five poetic stories by Gertrude West

of the proceeding, sees her through her multifarious and astonishing troubles. Nicknamed "Lady" Carruthers for her grand airs and her independence, the old woman is a delightful person — an unforgettable character notable for her shrewdness, vigor, sharp tongue and genuine loveliness.

VI. SILVER DRIFT, by *Frank Lillie Pollock*, describes the wintry waters of Lake Huron and the thousand snow-covered islands of Georgian Bay. It is a swift and thrilling tale of adventure in which occurs a contest between thieves and honest men for a rich cargo of silver ore in a wrecked and sunken barge. The young manager of the mine and his two friends surmount some extraordinary perils before they emerge triumphant from the struggle.

VII. THE OLD SQUIRE'S GREAT-GRANDSON, by *C. A. Stephens*, transports the reader to the oil fields of Texas. How many subscribers have written, we wonder, to ask us what became of Halstead, the wayward member of the family at the old farm in Maine? The new story answers the question, but deals mainly with Halstead's son, in whom is reproduced all the fine qualities of the lovable old



A drawing by T. Victor Hall for Arthur Stanwood Pier's stirring serial story for boys, *The Splendid Year*



Camellie Bradford,
Editorial writer

The Editorial Page

is nonpartisan. It is intended to be a faithful source of sound information and sober, responsible opinion. It covers a wide field—public affairs at home and abroad and all human activities other than political that have any important significance for our times and our people. Moreover, it prints on a multitude of topics brief essays in which humor, insight, sentiment and ripe reflection are blended in the best style of the graceful essayist. It enlists the services of many brilliant minds.



Thomas Nison Carver,
Editorial writer



Decoration by HENRY PITZ
for *The Mowers' Marathon*

The story has an old-fashioned charm
and is by FRANK M. MARKHAM

squire himself. The young Halstead becomes one of the earliest prospectors for oil, and thanks to honesty, perseverance, native shrewdness and pluck wins success in that most picturesque and most uncertain of enterprises.

VIII. *THE ANTELOPE KRIS*, by Warren Hastings Miller, abandoning America altogether, leads the reader straight to Sumatra, tropical, savage, strange beyond belief. Maxton Purcell, a youth of nineteen years, goes with an expedition in search of rare insects and finds war among the natives, a volcanic eruption and an earthquake. He takes a perilous part in the war and narrowly escapes death in the great convulsion of nature that interrupts it. The tale, which tells much of strange Sumatra, is of breathless interest.

Short Stories in Endless Variety



DURING the course of a year *The Companion* prints more than two hundred short stories. They cover the widest range of scene; they display all types of national character. They deal with charming American girls, with manly American boys and with typical American homes. They express the best American ideals. These are typical examples:

STORIES FOR GIRLS

THE HAUNTED HOUSE, by Alice Dyar Russell, is a charming tale of a lonely girl who found mysterious notes in the old shabby house, and who finally discovered the delightful ghost who wrote them. A story full of tender sentiment winningly expressed.

DAKIN AND THE SEALS, by Mabel Robinson, is still another captivating story of a captivating dog already made well known to our readers in previous stories.

MAMZELLE GODMOTHER, by Anne McQueen, tells of a delightful Frenchwoman and a delightful girl. The girl was delighted when Mamzelle, the wrinkled market gardener, made her a gown that might have come from a Paris shop.

THE TRAVELED TUTTLES, by Mary E. Bamford, tells of Elizabeth, the writer and reporter, and the quaint aunt and uncle whom she found at the open-air summer school. The story, bright throughout, has a charming conclusion.



A picture by R. L. Lambdin for *The Wild Man of Mellon Woods*, an amusing and exciting tale for boys, by Alice Margaret Ashton.

STORIES FOR BOYS

THE WILD MAN OF MELLON WOODS, by Alice Margaret Ashton, was, as you may see from the illustration, a terrible creature. Can you blame the widow for wanting to sell her farm? It all was a battle of wits between two boys, and, as is right, the best man won.

THE GREEN HACKLE, by Ralph Henry Barbour, will delight every boy who ever used a fish pole. Everyone knows there's no such thing as a green hackle: that was merely young Sid's way of describing a frog. That was the cause too of his trouble with the city sport and of his winning the respect of the older guides.

STOLEN IVORY, by Albert W. Tolman, is a tale of Russians, of fossil ivory in the Arctic and of young Americans who when robbed knew how to assert their rights. The tale is picturesque in scene and thrilling in incident.

OLD CLUBFOOT, by Neal D. McCall, is the astonishing tale of a boy and a young man who, armed only with a hunting knife, were able to kill the fierce cougar known as "Old Clubfoot."

STORIES FOR ALL THE FAMILY

THE MOWERS' MARATHON, by Frank M. Markham, is a story of farming in 1847. It contains a stirring account of a mowing contest with old-fashioned scythes, the prize of which, as it turned out, was the farmer's comely daughter.

A GUEST OF THE TRIBE, by Thomas B. Marquis, is a tale of the Indian reservation, a scoundrelly white and an astute, honest and kindly Indian. The Indian found out what was in the mysterious bag and dramatically unmasked the villain.



The Haunted House, a story for all and especially girls, by Alice Dyar Russell. The picture is by Emlen McConnell

LESS LAW AND MORE EQUITY, by James Parker Long, is a human and moving story. A young lawyer who saved some poor people from being dispossessed of their farm learns what are the fine rewards and large opportunities for service that the country lawyer may enjoy.

THE BETTER HORSE, by Frances L. Cooper, tells of two horses and a prairie fire. The young man and the young woman who own the animals dispute about their merits, and the prairie fire tests them. It is a stirring tale in which it is shown that in danger both horses and men should keep their heads.



Henry Smith Chapman,
Editorial Writer

The Departments

comprise the BOYS' PAGE, the GIRLS' PAGE and the FAMILY PAGE—pages that, published monthly, supplement with service to all the family the entertainment that the rest of the paper supplies. They are noteworthy for the wide range they cover and for the clearness and accuracy of the concise instruction they give. They help not only boys and girls whether in indoor games and occupations or in outdoor sports but their elders in family and business problems. Besides those pages *The Companion* has other notable departments—Stamps to Stick, Nuts to Crack, Companion Receipts and the valuable weekly article on health.

The Miscellany Pages—

a regular department of *The Companion*—are so rich in variety that they cannot be adequately described. In them the reader will find the best current poetry, instructive or entertaining passages quoted from the newest important books, humorous anecdotes and many an odd fact or striking incident contributed by our own subscribers. That old favorite Mr. "Kellup" Peaslee will tell many a good story and utter many a pithy truth to his friend Deacon Hyne. In short, the pages form a literary plum pudding of the most delicious sort. Little Jack Horner need be envied by no one who reads the Miscellany pages.



Arthur Stanwood Pier,
Editorial Writer



Information That Entertains



A picture by Rodney Thomson for a striking tale of adventure, *The Better Horse*, by Frances L. Cooper.

In 1925 the serious papers will be as entertaining and dramatic as any story and the light papers as informing and valuable as anything in an encyclopaedia. The more serious papers include two important historical series. The first is

THE MAKERS OF THE NORTHWEST

Never in the world were there more extraordinary and picturesque men than the bold adventurers to whose daring in danger and endurance in suffering we owe the great states of the Northwest. In five vivid articles full of stirring anecdote CHARLES J. LISLE describes their virile characters, their extraordinary deeds and their momentous accomplishments. In a sixth article, notable both for its charm and for its novelty, he shows how enormous was the influence of the fur-bearing animals of the country in attracting to it the men who



made it known. ¶ The second series also deals with American history. Under the general title

THE FORT IN THE WILDERNESS

BEN F. SAGER retells in three absorbing papers the heroic story of Captain Clark and old Vincennes.

¶ Both series exemplify the belief of *The Companion*, already so notably displayed in its Historic Milestone Covers, in the great interest and value to Americans of their own history.

¶ The lighter articles are rich in variety and popular appeal. Space forbids our describing them all, but what their range is, and what the interest of their topics, can readily be seen from the following partial list of titles:

THE LIFE AND WORK OF A FOREST RANGER

by Austin F. Hawes

TREES AS A CROP

by Warden A. Curtis

CHILDHOOD IN LINCOLN'S TOWN

by Octavia Roberts Corneau

THE BUSINESS OF FLYING

by James S. Eldridge

PILGRIMS OF THE SKY

by Samuel A. Scoville, Jr.



A BOY'S LIBRARY

by Henry Seidel Canby

HAZARDS OF THE BIG TOPS

by Frank Braden

EGYPTIAN LIFE IN THE TIME OF TUTENKHAMON

by Mrs. Grant Williams

SHALL I GO ABROAD? AND OTHER PAPERS

by the Rev. Samuel S. Drury

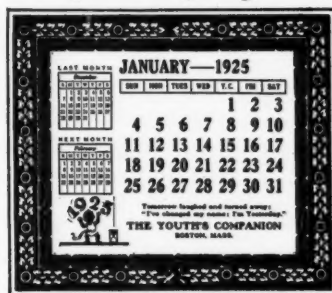
FIRST IMPRESSIONS, AND OTHER PAPERS FOR GIRLS

by Frances Lester Warner

¶ Every one knows what *The Companion* is. For nearly a century it has been beloved by readers throughout the country. It is edited with scrupulous care. Its ideals are of the highest and are steadily maintained. Its aim is to cultivate by correct information and sound and temperate comment, by inspiring stories and significant anecdote, the qualities that make worthy men and women and useful, patriotic citizens. It is not wholly for the young. Now, as always, it is indeed edited "for intelligent young people," but

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION HOME CALENDAR for 1925

The Calendar enjoys an assured popularity. It is attractive, legible, convenient. On request we will send it free to any new sub-



scriber or to any old subscriber who renews for 1925. The price of *The Companion* sent to any address in North America is \$2.50 a year.

it is also edited "for general family reading." Father and mother enjoy it as much as son and daughter, and that the elders read it with pleasure gives it an especial authority in the eyes of the young folk. We have stressed the serious purpose of *The Companion*,—a purpose never more important to attain than now,—but that purpose does not prevent the paper from being constantly entertaining. It is readable from the first line to the last—a constant source of wholesome, heartening pleasure.



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The Children's Page

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